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# **Atlantic Insight**



In '74, Maritimers thought Yankees, Upper Canadians, Germans and other outsiders were gobbling up their best land. In '79, where have all the buyers gone?



18

Competition for the right to run a tiny, historic island creates a tiny international stink. Americans say, "It's ours." Acadians say, "But Champlain slept here"



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Cover Story: Joe O'Brien, the rich, reticent, quiet, elder statesman of bigtime harness racing misses the days in which men and horses mattered more than money and gambling. By Stephen Kimber

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY MANNY MILLAN

July 1979, Vol. 1 No. 4



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In an eight-page summertime bonus, Atlantic Insight staffers Pat Lotz and Roma Senn offer good tips on exquisite sand beaches, country inns with character, and seafood spots that give you bigger bites for your buck



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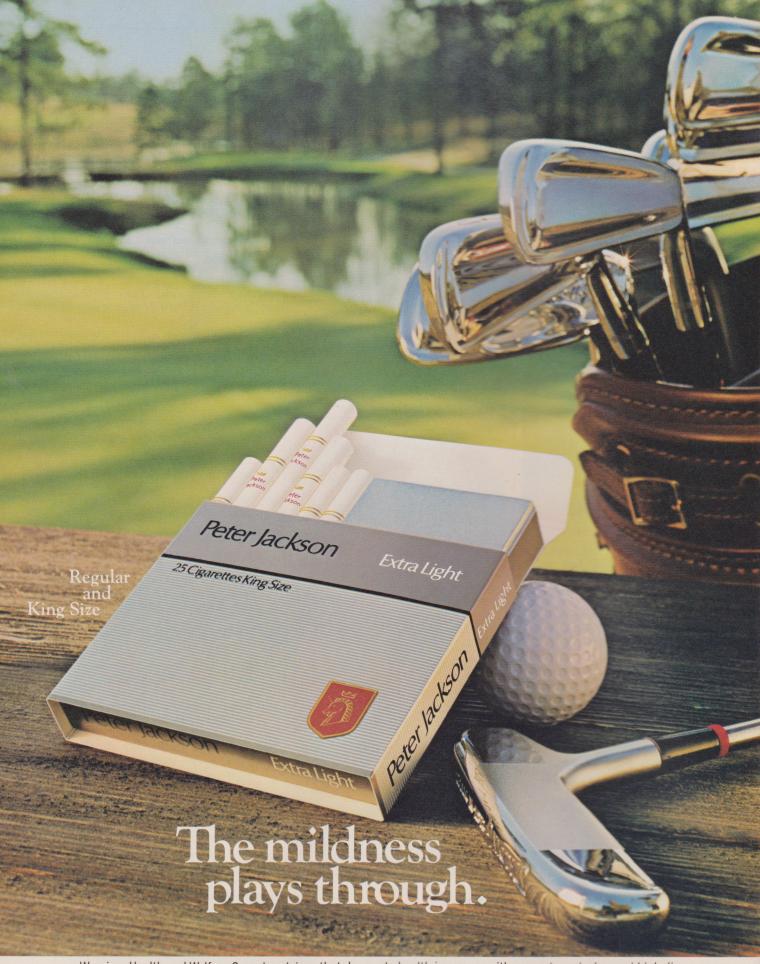
In Edwardian times, a picnic was a picnic was a picnic. Here's how to blow a fortune on eating outdoors in a style so royal even the ants won't dare crash the party. Atlantic Insight agents did it in Fredericton



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Charlie Coll, Hilden, N.S., wanted to use his nose (said to have extrasensory powers) and secret ingredients to concoct the world's best insect repellant. He thinks he's done it, and the world has started to agree

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### **Editor's Letter**

# An Edwardian picnic? Sure. Don't forget the corkscrew

le've already put a fair number of freelancers through a fair number of ordeals. Cheryl Ray went all the way from St. John's to Tampa and back in the big rig of a truckdriver called Silver Tongue. She was investigating reasons for the high price and wizened condition of citrus fruit in Atlantic Canada's supermarket bins (Truckin' on Down to Florida in Pursuit of the Price of Oranges, May). Cheryl has since decided to quit Newfoundland for good-the price of oranges had nothing to do with her decision-and, on page 53, she says farewell in her own way. Bruce Little's ordeal was braving abuse by Europe's most rabid enemies of the seal hunt (Why the Seal-Hunt Haters Won't Dry Up and Blow Away, April).

Elizabeth Haines drank beer in the Corner Tavern, St. John's, for the story on page 43 and, though that might not sound like an ordeal, the sight of a girl in the Corner Tavern doesn't exactly light up the lives of the men who, for decades, have been drinking there without women. Ian Porter went to sea on a herring seiner for a story we'll run later this summer; Harry Thurston squirmed through a decrepit coal mine in River Hebert, N.S., (Mining a Thin Seam Wasn't God's Idea, June); and, also for our June issue, Harry Holman actually sampled restaurant food in

Charlottetown. (Just kidding. The food was good, and we called his story At Last! Good Dining in Charlottetown.)

But in the short, happy life of Atlantic Insight—this is our fourth issue—none of our writers have endured so ludicrous a time as Colleen Thompson did when she produced A Picnic Fit for a King (pages 44-45) in Fredericton. Part of her job was to make sure that models, wearing rented costumes from Theatre New Brunswick, got together with the food, with Edwardian-picnic buff Philip Salmon, and with photographer Stephen Homer. The site she chose was a lawn near Christ Church Cathedral and the first problem arose when....Well, here's how Colleen tells the story.

"First, Stephen Homer was not available except for the hours of 7 a.m. (ye gods) to 10 a.m. last Sunday. Philip is a diabetic, and he chose to have an attack the day before the picnic (which is probably one reason why he didn't make it even more lavish). Costumes tended to get lost in the dark corners of the Playhouse (which is probably one reason why the king is not wearing a vest) and on and on. We all got mildly drunk on white wine while the devout did double-takes on their way to church. It didn't dawn on us until the bottles were empty that we could have been arrested for having



liquor in an unauthorized place.

"I went through a red light on the way back to the Playhouse and, in my begowned and behatted condition, had visions of trying to explain to a police officer why I did that. Meanwhile, my companions, Edward—He's the king, of course, officer—and his friends offered chatty, Edwardian advice from the back seat. Janet Clarke, the other model, kept making outrageous noises with her Edwardian bird-call and, supposing herself a suffragette, begged cigars from the men.

"Any more good ideas, Atlantic Insight?"

From what we know of Edward VII, he'd have revelled in Colleen's Sunday-morning party in the pretty town of Fredericton. His mother, however, would not have been amused. I am. Colleen's letter reminds me why I've always liked this crazy business: Behind every story that sees print, there's one that usually doesn't. Sometimes it's better.

Harry Buce

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Atlantic Insight is published 11 times a year by Impact Publishing Limited, 6088 Coburg Road, Halifax, N.S. B3H 1Z4. Editorial Offices: 6073 Coburg Road, Halifax, N.S. B3H 1Z1. Second Class Postal Permit No. 4683 SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, 1 year \$9.00, out of Canada, 1 year \$15.00. Contents Copyright 1979 by Impact Publishing, may not be reprinted without permission. PRINTED IN CANADA.

Pat Lotz

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### **Letters**

Oil, wind and us

Your fine magazine arrived this morning in the mail and as we are enjoying a 20-knot wind off the North Atlantic across our well-oiled beaches, I took some time from my Saturday chores to read some of the articles. If this issue is an indication of things to come, then Maritimers are in for some very interesting reading.

Keith Sibley Sydney, N.S.

All's well in Antigonish

Under Heritage you ran an article on the International Gathering of the Clans, *The Clans Are Coming* (April). In it you mention the Games in Antigonish for athletics. We also have a very prominent cultural program. If there are problems, as you suggest, they are not in Antigonish.

Wilena MacInnis Penny Antigonish, N.S.

There is life after dark in Sydney... maybe

I was pleased to see Parker Barss Donham's record is still intact (Sydney Clubs...May). He hasn't researched a story yet. As to having a limited number of places to go on a Saturday night, within a 15-mile radius there has to be at least 35 clubs, all featuring a variety of music. If Mr. Donham would get out of that pub with his pseudo-intellectual friends he would get a much truer picture of the club scene in industrial Cape Breton.

Ivan Melanson Local 355 American Federation of Musicians Sydney, N.S.

As a new reader to your magazine I think it's great. Sydney Clubs...by Parker Donham was interesting but shows not much change in Sydney's entertainment life.

George Poulain (Whitney Pier) Point Lepreau, N.B.

No potatoes, please

I believe the classroom should not be used to give free advertising to McCains or any other product (School Book-Buying...May). Our children are over-exposed to junk food commercials on television, and taxpayers' money should not be used for more of the same. We need a better policy on what reading material is used in our schools. I wish there was something parents could do to change things.

Ingrid Prosser South Ohio, N.S. Home truths

Have just finished reading Atlantic Insight as well as Paul Robinson's book Where Our Survival Lies: Students and Textbooks in Atlantic Canada and it seems to me that the commitment and intent of the two are identical. Robinson points out that "approximately 80% of the publishers supplying materials to Atlantic Canada are foreign-owned." Nice to think that your magazine might help to change the idea that all truth comes from away.

Mary Sparling Halifax, N.S.

Cheers for corvettes

Congratulations to men like Frank Manchee who are trying to bring the corvette Louisburg back to Halifax (The Last Battle of HMCS Louisburg, May). When we published Jim Lamb's book The Corvette Navy we were delighted to find that there are thousands of Canadians who remember the corvettes with affection. It would be a damned shame if this part of Canadian history were allowed to slip away and the Louisburg were prevented from mooring where she belongs—in the Halifax harbor that was home base to the men of the corvette navy.

Douglas M. Gibson MacMillan of Canada Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

Grit-Tory waltz not only dance in town

One reason why the New Democratic Party remains only "a force in certain areas" of Atlantic Canada reveals itself in your coverage of the federal election, *Promises, Promises...* (May). The narrow-minded logic on which Stephen Kimber based his decision to exclude the NDP helps perpetuate the east's mouldy belief that the Grit-Tory waltz is the only dance in town. My initial confidence in *Atlantic Insight*'s high quality of writing and editing has been shattered somewhat. I hope my faith will be renewed with articles that are a bit more just.

Michael Hamm Sambro, N.S.

Your May cover which offered Trudeau and Clark as "the choice" was editorially irresponsible. It denied the opinion-forming effectiveness of the NDP. I must concede there is evidence that your heart was in the right place. Your graphic retouching presented the Grits and Tories in faded and flaky portraits from the attic.

Emero Steigman Halifax, N.S.

#### Clever, those seals

I object to Bruce Little's blithe observation in Why the Seal-Hunt Haters Won't Dry Up and Blow Away (April) that there is no basis for the Newfoundlanders' claim that the seals threaten their fishery. As a child in the Depression, I saw seals everywhere on the shores of my home in southwest Nova Scotia. The lobster traps had doors secured by rubber or canvas hinges with a "button." The seals turned the button with nose or flippers and helped themselves to the catch inside-or, if there were none, to the bait. It must have been awfully cute to watch, but the fishermen were not

> A.G. Wickens Shag Harbour, N.S.

#### The phantom Mounties

You say the Fat City Phantom is privy to inside government information. This leaves the impression that he/she is a civil servant and the problem is I don't know what or whose axe he/she is grinding. Rather than hiding them behind silly names you should tell us more about your writers. Also, one thing you and Mr. Kimber might have done in The Ordeal of Ross MacInnis (May) is tell me the names of the RCMP officers who harassed Dr. Ross MacInnis and his patients. I would like to know if men of that ilk are serving in my area.

Al Holman Charlottetown, P.E.I.

While Ross MacInnis may have got a measure of personal vindication and "made his point," he certainly got a very small measure of justice. Nowhere within the story is one single mountie mentioned by name.

L.J. Billiard Goose Bay, Nfld.

Ed: Among the names mentioned in Judge Leo MacIntyre's report on the MacInnis case were those of Sgt. Earl Hamilton and Cpl. Chester MacDonald of the RCMP.

#### Scallops and sea captains

I want to congratulate you very sincerely on getting this new magazine off to such a good start. My wife and I were very pleased to try Philippa Monsarrat's recipe for Coquilles St. Jacques (April). It was excellent. We have found many other articles of interest, particularly that of the sea captains of Newfoundland (Slope-Browed, Gin-Sodden Bullies, May). There certainly is an Atlantic point of view which your magazine has captured very well.

Henry D. Hicks, President Dalhousie University Halifax, N.S.

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## **The Region**



## Summer real estate: The bubble burst

Non-residents decide they can live without our farms and shores. For now

aclean's said, "Foreign ownership of Canadian land is blossoming as a major and endless issue right across the country. There's scarcely a province that's not taking a hard look at the law to see how to control the flow of Canadian land into foreign hands." That was five years ago. Down here, of course, "foreign hands" include Upper Canadian hands. Not only loosespending Bostonians and New Yorkers but also loose-spending Torontonians were goosing the price of farmland and cottage country in all three Maritime provinces. Wealthy Europeans, fearing what a socialist takeover would do to their property at home, also decided Atlantic Canada was one beautiful place to put money into land.

No one was doing anything illegal. Foreigners had a perfect right to buy land from us. We had a perfect right to sell to whomever we chose (and, indeed, to hear some politicians and many real estate wheelers, no right was more sacred). But local citizens' groups arose to fight the flow of Maritime land into outside ownership and, for a while, the issue appeared to be becoming as hot regionally as American ownership of other Canadian resources was nationally. (Newfoundland and Labrador escaped the controversy; physically, they were simply too formidable for

outsiders in search of summer properties). Since '74, however, the battle has died. In three provinces, here's why:

#### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Prince Edward Island: Outsiders were gobbling up land so fast in 1970 it appeared that, by the year 2,000, they'd own a quarter of the Island, and virtually all its best recreation land. Farmland was going out of production and Islanders found shoreline tougher to find than before, and more expensive to buy. In '72, the province reacted. It passed legislation requiring all non-residents to get cabinet approval before buying more than ten acres of land. Two New Yorkers challenged the law but, in '75, the Supreme Court of Canada upheld it. Conservationists called the decision a landmark. The province also created the Land Use Commission and gave it power to rule on such questions as urban sprawl. Surely, the Island was now a leader in land-conservation policy. Or was it?

Last year, a report of the P.E.I. Land Use Service Centre and the Maritime Resource Management Service Council said, "High levels of land acquisition by non-residents still continue ....A monitoring system exists and the government has the right to regulate

land acquisition, but it has done so only to a modest degree." In short, the historic law meant that outsiders who wanted more than ten acres of the Island would merely have to get cabinet rule, cabinet turned out to be more than happy to do so. In the last nine months of '78, for instance, it said "yes" to 127 out of 147 applications. Nineteen were withdrawn or reserved. Cabinet refused exactly one.

This less-than-tough attitude may partly result from the distaste for overregulation that was a factor in the provincial elections of both '78 and '79. Moreover, older farmers fear land controls will reduce the value of their property, and they want the right to sell to the highest bidder. The legislation of '72 meant that, without cabinet approval, a farmer could not even bequeath his land to non-resident children; and, though the government has since changed the law to make bequests automatic, the earlier provision aroused resentment that still smoulders. (Many non-resident owners are Islanders who plan to come home for good.)

and use may be more important to the Island than the location of its owner, and the law does oblige prospective non-resident buyers to declare how they're going to use their property. The trouble is, their declarations are not

legally binding, and no one checks later to see if the new owners are keeping

their promises.

If the 1972 law and the court's endorsation of it in '75 scared off a few non-resident speculators, they have nevertheless had little effect on the rate at which land keeps flowing into nonresidents' hands. This is partly because the Land Use Commission has never been as tough as its designers hoped it would be. Public resentment over controls and lukewarm government support for the Commission have discouraged it from thrusting itself into situations that might have become controversies. It defines its own powers narrowly and, these days, few regard it as the chief line of defence against land misuse or exploitation.

The Commission's former chairman, biologist Ian MacQuarrie, was sufficiently concerned by the former government's failure to protect areas that matter most to naturalists that he, and others, founded a Nature Trust. He'd like government to give tax concessions to those who donate land to it.

The new Tory government says it will create a "Landscape Commission" to "protect" the Island, but it's not clear whether the new agency will replace the old one, complement it, or what. Premier MacLean is committed to preserving traditional lifestyles, but he's also committed to removing controls, to letting Islanders run their own affairs. The commitments may conflict.

#### **NOVA SCOTIA**

A quarter of shorefront land in the Cape Breton counties of Inverness and Victoria belongs to people who live outside Nova Scotia. Twenty percent of Digby County and 15% of Shelburne also belong to non-residents. Fat clusters of non-resident holdings sit in most of the province's most beautiful spots. Barometer, the Halifax weekly, has revealed that West Germans recently bought no less than a dozen Nova Scotia islands.

The man who sold the islands to the Germans is Bob Douglas, Mahone Bay, a former clergyman who jumped into real estate when the boom began. Much of his competition has gone home, but he's sticking around to pick up the pieces. He continues to clear old titles and snap up islands at tax sales. His net worth, he says, is "well in excess of one million dollars." Recently, he sold a 50-acre island in Guysborough County for \$50,000; a few years earlier, at a tax sale, it had fetched only \$125. (Islands are a special case; it's only the foreigners who want them.)

Generally, the boom has become a plateau. The high land prices of the early Seventies have not dramatically

increased but neither have they fallen and, on Cape Breton, the south shore and Northumberland Strait, sellers of good shorefront still price land with well-heeled non-residents in mind. But rising oil costs and the five-year-old stink over Nova Scotia's sudden expropriation from an Ohio woman of 5,400 acres of south shore oceanfront have stabilized prices, discouraged speculation, and removed from the controversy the passion that characterized it in, say, '74. The groups that arose to combat foreign buying are largely dormant, and so is official interest.

Lands and Forests spent three years studying who owned what land, but the project ended in '76. The effort took so long because the department had to get its information from county assessment records. (Lands and Forests is negotiating with Municipal Affairs to get ownership data straight from a central computer, but departments of government do not invariably share information, even with one another.) Legislation to require disclosure of nonresident land holdings is toothless; it's been "in force" for a decade but the government has never used it to prosecute anyone. Still, disclosures do trickle in from corporations in such exotic places as Liechtenstein and Panama and it's clear that, for many foreigners, prime shorefront remains a good investment. The trouble is, there's no way to judge precisely how much foreign buying is going on.

Attempts to strengthen legislation died in '74 after a committee decided the problem wasn't land ownership, it was land use. Now, producing farm-

taxable, and the tax on woodlots is only 25 cents Such an acre. arrangements relieve pressure from the assessor after a speculator has bought the farm next door and chopped it up to make cottage lots.

Graham Dalton, once active in the Citizens' Alliance for the Preservation of Nova Scotia Land, now owns the farm he wanted when escalating prices first upset him. The Alliance never approved of the province's "fanatic action" in expropriating the Ohio woman's huge tract

in '74. (That grab inspired an American network TV commentator to compare Nova Scotia to a banana republic, but the matter is still unsettled. This spring, it appeared to be headed for the Supreme Court.) The purpose of the Alliance was simply to get even-handed laws to ensure the future of land for Nova Scotia.

#### **NEW BRUNSWICK**

non-resident holdings add up to more than 14,000 properties, and the province assesses them at \$8.3 billion. They amount to only 4.46% of the total but many of the outsiders' places are in the prettiest parts of New Brunswick and, just since 1973, their number has jumped by almost 4,000. People in Ontario, Quebec and the States own chunks of every region. Nova Scotians, too, own thousands of N.B. properties, and there are smatterings of holdings by other Canadians, and people in 21 foreign countries. (Some of the non-residents, however, are New Brunswickers who've moved away.)

New Brunswick has no laws to control land ownership by non-residents, and Douglas Young, MLA for Tracadie (Gloucester County), thinks this is "unfortunate." He's been chasing information on German-held land in his area. A real estate agent in St. Stephen, says a great many of the Americans who bought land in Charlotte, the southernmost border county, did so as speculators. Now, he says, "They can't sell. They probably paid too much in the first place, and they're hanging on,

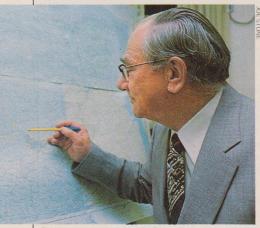
land is no longer Douglas: Selling N.S. land made him a millionaire



#### **The Region**

trying to get their money back. They're asking fantastic prices, but real estate is just not selling right now." Many of these properties are elaborate summer places with several bathrooms and fireplaces, and \$65,000 is a typical price.

Elmer Cronk, provincial director of assessment, has kept tabs on the number of properties that non-New Brunswickers own. He sees no disturbing trend, and no need for restrictive legislation. Moreover, he feels such laws might backfire against New Brunswickers who want Florida property. Florida might retaliate with laws to control Canadian ownership within her jurisdiction. One area in which Cronk's staff is trying to sort out who owns what is the salmon-angling country of the Miramichi and Restigouche rivers. On the Southwest Miramichi in York County, three Americans own a 480acre tract with a mile of riverfront. They call the spot the Burnt Hill Fishing Club. Tax authorities assessed it at



Cronk: He sees no need for tighter laws

\$610,150 but a series of appeals resulted in a reduction to \$85,000. A more spectacular example of foreign ownership was that of Minister's Island in Passamaquoddy Bay.

Once the summer home of CP railroad-builder Sir William Van Horne, the 500-acre island had several buildings on it, including a 28-room mansion. Norman Langdon, a Maine realtor, bought it for roughly \$400,000 a decade ago, spent \$300,000 on it, and divided it into 36 lots. Few of them sold. Those that did went to Bostonians and Parisians. He was trying to sell the island to the province in 1977, but two Canadians stepped in with an offer (probably about \$1 million). An uproar ensued. New Brunswick ruled Minister's Island was an historic site, prohibiting Langdon from either selling it or removing anything from it. Later, N.B. bought it for about \$800,000 but the status of the few sites Langdon had sold to foreigners is still not clear.

Non-resident ownership of farm and recreation land was never quite as hot an issue in N.B. as it was in N.S. and P.E.I. Now, it's a non-issue. It will siders' buying in the early Seventies.

remain so-until the sure return of the urban yearnings and continental pressures that inspired the surge of out-

## What we can learn from Maine and California

bserving the coast of Maine or California, you realize that much of coastal Atlantic Canada could also fall prey to ugly unrestrained development. A Maritimer visiting southern California might get the impression all Californians sell pizzas, hot dogs, used cars and surfboards to one another along a ruined and tacky coastline. And a visit to Maine, with its shrinking coastal vistas and tourist-choked highways, should be enough to convince any Maritimer that our own islands and coastline will one day be under the same pressures for development.

Nova Scotia, which has some of the more threatened coasts in eastern Canada, might well learn from Maine's fate. In the Fifties and Sixties, the second-home boom began to overrun Moreover, Maine's islands. industries staked out manufacturing sites, refinery locations and potential

t the eleventh hour, however, the Nature Conservancy has helped contrel development. It's a non-profit outfit to which wealthy landowners donate choice land. Sometimes conservation-minded landowners refuse high prices from developers and, instead, sell their land at low cost to the Conservancy. In turn, it often sells land at low prices to governments for parks, wildlife refuges and bird sanctuaries. In Maine, the organization now has 38 preserves, including sites on the coast and on 23 islands. It named this system the Rachel Carson Seacoast, after the famous author and conservationist. The islands, like those off Nova Scotia, have thin soils, little ground water, and fragile vegetation.

The time to begin protecting the delicate ecology of our own islands and the natural integrity of our own coastline is now; and, indeed, such private conservation organizations as the Nature Conservancy of Canada and the Nova Scotia Bird Society have taken promising steps. The Conservancy, for instance, has an easement arrangement for the environmental protection of Sight Point, Cape Breton. The Edward Russell family deeded 650 Cape Breton acres to the American Conservancy and, after the Canadian organization takes it over, it'll go to the Nova Scotia government for protection. The Russells also gave the Canadian Conservancy a nine-acre nesting site for bald eagles at Iona (Bras d'Or Lakes), and the Conservancy turned it over to the care of the Highland Heart Development Society. Moreover, the Nova Scotia Bird Society owns four treeless islands off southwestern Nova Scotia. They're breeding grounds for black guillemots, Leach's petrels, bank swallows, terns and other seabirds.

But such preserves, good news as they are, are nowhere near enough. Those who care about saving our coasts want changes in tax law. In the States, conservation groups can buy land, accept it free, and preserve it, all without paying property taxes. In Canada, government land escapes property taxes but conservation groups do not. The only way they can beat these taxes is to turn land over to government the moment they get it. To make matters worse, governments often haven't got the ready cash to buy land (even at cheap prices) and, before legislatures get around to appropriating funds, may have to wait years. The result: Since conservation groups can't afford local taxes, they pass up the chance to buy environmentally vulnerable islands, and the land goes to the highest bidder.

But even in the remote chance that our governments change tax laws to help conservation groups, even if these groups continue their dedicated efforts, and even if public money buys significant chunks of coast as parkland, it will still be possible to protect from development only a fraction of our shorefronts and islands. In the end, the private owner, too, must carefully look after his own stretch of ocean frontage. It's going to take a blend of responsible public and private ownership to save what we're still lucky enough to have, and the time to act is now. Once, California and Maine thought they had plenty of time. They now know better.

- John C. Whitaker

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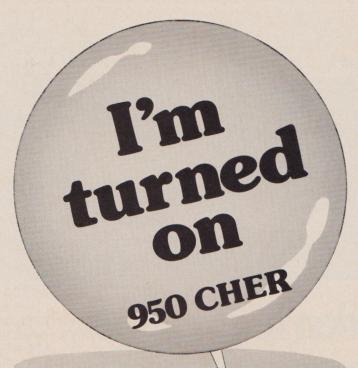
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### **Prince Edward Island**



Summerside mall: Rumors of a fourth sparked call for moratorium

# The Garden of the Gulf becomes asphalt jungle

That, at least, is the fear of those who hate shopping malls

ne of the first acts of the Island's new Tory government was to place a moratorium on construction of shopping malls of more than 50,000 square feet. Meanwhile, a study will assess the impact that more of the big retail centres might have on the Island. The moratorium, promised by Premier Angus MacLean during the campaign, is an answer to the fears of retailers in small communities and businessmen in downtown Charlottetown and Summerside.

Summerside is a textbook case of what the uncontrolled spread of shopping malls can do to a community. Though its population is under 10,000, it's a traditional retail centre for Prince County and, thanks to CFB Summerside, it's also home to steadily employed and well-paid servicemen and their families. It was therefore a magnet for eager developers.

Three large shopping malls have arisen there in less than a decade. As part of a waterfront development plan, the provincial government helped finance one. Private capital put up the other two. But during this burgeoning of malls, Summerside's population remained static. Now, empty storefronts dot downtown Summerside and often the three malls are almost empty. "There may be one Summerside mall

that is breaking even," the Downtown Business Association of Charlottetown told the old Liberal government. "Two are losing their shirts with a continual turnover of shops that last from three to six months in one, and permanent vacant space in the other."

Surprisingly, optimistic developers want to cover still more soil with parking lots, and it was rumors of a fourth Summerside mall that inspired the Summerside Chamber of Commerce to urge a moratorium. Charlottetown has five. None appears to be in such desperate straits as those in Summerside, but this spring there were reports of plans not only to enlarge some but also to build more. If these schemes became reality, Charlottetown would have no less than a million new square feet of malls by 1981. And all of this in a province that already has more than twice as many square feet of retail space, per capita, as the national average. Charlottetown merchants argue that to support the expansion retail sales would have to rise by \$100,000 a year.

But what is it that attracts malls? Fuelled by transfer payments from Ottawa, the Island has one of Canada's fastest-growing retail markets. The move by Veterans Affairs from Ottawa to Charlottetown may add \$12 million a year to the economy. Moreover, prom-

oters argue that more malls will enable Islanders to get at home the stuff they now take their money to Halifax and Moncton to buy. New malls attract customers with their sheer novelty and, as store-owners in every village know, they draw people from 30, 40, 50, even 100 miles away. Enemies of the malls claim the huge chains that finance their construction view them as tax writeoffs, and don't really care whether the merchants who rent space from them make money or not.

An argument for malls is that building them creates jobs. That's why the P.E.I. Federation of Labor and the P.E.I. Building and Construction Trades Council both opposed the moratorium. They felt the businessmen who campaigned for it only wanted to prevent competition. But Douglas MacArthur, consultant with the Charlottetown Area Development Corporation, says, sure, malls will create jobs, "But the question is: How many are going to be lost downtown and in other parts of the province?" Malls, he says, need fewer staff per square foot than small stores, and the big chains hire only sales clerks locally. If malls grow unchecked, Mac-Arthur insists, "Everyone will get killed: The local business, the rural communities, the whole thing."

The argument has mostly spun on business issues, but the truth is every Islander has a stake in it. If malls conquer one another some are going to close; and it's easier to lay pavement than it is to rip it up. To grasp that, one need only drive past Mount Pleasant airfield, 20 miles west of Summerside. Built during the Second World War, it closed decades ago. But its runways are still there, producing only weeds.

- Kennedy Wells

## **Nova Scotia**

## Michelin whistles. **Cabinet rolls over**

abor Minister Ken Streatch was taking a beating in the legislature over a proposed amendment to the Trade Union Act, a thinly disguised move to block unionization at Michelin Tires (Canada) Ltd. Tempers were hot and, one evening outside the chamber, former premier Gerald Regan accused Streatch of "selling out" to the tire company. Streatch shot back that he, Regan, had also sold out to Michelin. This exchange was typical of the nastiness that emerged in Nova Scotia at

≥.daffodil time.

Back in '73, 20 operating engineers at Michelin applied for union certification but, just before the Labor Relations Board was to hear the matter, the cabinet Regan changed the rules governing certification of craft unions. This instantly blocked the engineers' move, and became known as "the Michelin regulation."

Last spring, the Board found Michelin guilty of

Streatch: Did he sell out? unfair labor practices during an attempt by United Rubber Workers (URW) to unionize the tire plant at Granton. The Board ordered Michelin to "cease and desist," and this seemed to open the door to another union drive. But then the Buchanan government decided to introduce the amendment that inspired the Regan-Streatch exchange. This device, too, if it were to become law, would help block union organization at Michelin. It was "the Michelin bill."

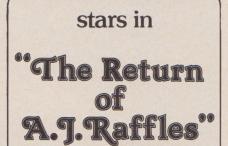
Labor now believes Nova Scotia is in real danger of becoming the "Michelin province." J.K. Bell, secretary-treasurer of the Nova Scotia Federation of Labor, wonders if "we've reached the point where a private corporation can call in cabinet ministers as errand boys and say, 'This is what we want done. Now hop to it."

The offensive amendment would force every Nova Scotia plant that any one company owns into one bargaining unit. Labor says no such law exists anywhere in North America. The URW had tried to unionize Michelin's Granton plant; the amended law would add the Bridgewater plant to the bargaining unit. The union says this would make unionizing impossible, but Michelin insists its two plants are so interdependent they must be considered

Its power to make ministers "hop to it" lies in the promise of jobs. It provides about 3,500 now, and general manager Jean Gorce has hinted that, if the government amends the Trade Union Act to suit Michelin, the company might expand to create 3,000 more. On the other hand, if the government fails to please him, well, Michelin has other places to invest. The antiunion attitudes of Alabama and South Carolina, for instance, make them particularly attractive. (Michelin, incidentally, recently appointed Gorce to its South Carolina operations.)

Gorce argues that the amendment protects the rights of non-union employees when a strike in a union plant would force a dependent nonunion plant to close. He also says Michelin "has made representations to the government that the Trade Union Act does not provide an incentive to the manufacturing industry to invest and create employment in Nova Scotia." Thus, he interpreted Michelin desires as the desires of all manufacturers; and the Buchanan government, swallowing this whole, even used his phrases to defend the amendment.

But although labor made the noise, native businessmen were also unhappy. Peter O'Brien of the Nova Scotia branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, wasn't sure what the bill meant: "Some even interpreted it as pro-labor. For example, if you have a fish plant that's unionized and two trawlers that are not, the amendment might force the trawlermen into the union." And Jim Morrow, vice-president of National Sea Products, said, "I'm not saying Michelin is right or wrong....But when they affect the Act for everybody then, hey, wait a minute.'



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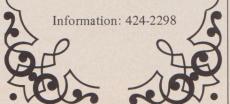
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#### **Nova Scotia**

What irritated everyone most was the manner in which the Tories presented the bill. In their haste-apparently to please Michelin-they tried to bypass the Joint Labor-Management Study Committee which, ever since 1964, has pondered proposed changes to labor laws before they reach the legislature. After industrialist Tom Stanfield, nephew of Robert and president of the CMA, quietly reminded the government of its obligation to the joint committee, Streatch gave in. He submitted the amendment to the committee for study this summer, whereupon Regan gleefully referred to "the greatest retreat since Napoleon left Moscow."

uestions about Michelin's activities remain. In terms of implementing a "union-free policy," this French multinational company may well be the most sophisticated in the world. The URW insists that, inside the plants, an "Orwellian atmosphere" prevails. Company documents reveal a system of rating employees according to their feelings towards unions. At "crew meetings," foremen explain the union-free policy and, judging from workers' questions and answers, assess their loyalty. Superior officers, in turn, rate the foremen. One foreman, for instance, was called to task for positioning himself, at a meeting, so that several employees could avoid meeting his eyes.

In a memo to Gorce, a department head records, with disapproval, these comments by a supervisor who'd refused to spread anti-union gospel outside the plant: "My honesty and integrity to my brother, brother-in-law and friends will not permit me to advise them of something that I do not believe in....My honesty and integrity come before loyalty...to the company."

At the spring hearings of the Labor Relations Board, when it found Michelin guilty of unfair labor practices, a curious story emerged. Bypassing the Board, Michelin had obtained subpoenas from the Supreme Court and, using its own security staff, had served them on some employees. Men were whisked off to Halifax, in some cases without a chance to grab a suitcase or notify their families. Some have since sued for "false imprisonment."

When Michelin first built its plants in the early Seventies, it got massive subsidies and concessions from assorted governments. Now that it's apparently able to manipulate the provincial government with ease, the question for labor, local industry and society at large is this: What price 3,000 more (hypothetical) jobs?

— Ralph Surette

### **Newfoundland and Labrador**

## **Linerboard farce** may get happy ending

But the political fur keeps right on flying

The much-maligned Stephenville Linerboard Mill, a pipedream of the Sixties and a nightmare of the Seventies, may become a success story in the Eighties. But the Liberals who came up with the scheme will not be clamoring to take any credit, and neither will the Conservatives. They nationalized it and, after falling hopelessly in debt, closed it down. For Liberal and Conservative governments, it's a question of escaping with the least possible blame.

But the future of the mill itself at last appears secure. Abitibi Paper Co. Ltd., Canada's largest newsprint producer, has taken it over (for a song) and has begun to convert it for production in late 1980. Even as the legislature ratified the sale, however, the controversy over the mill's sordid past flared again. Charges of graft, corruption, kickbacks and

rip-offs flew about the House of Assembly.

Liberal Roger Simmons accused provincial cabinet minister John Crosbie of having a "vested interest" in the government takeover of the mill from John C. Doyle's Canadian Javelin back in '72. Simmons said Crosbie, now a heavy in Prime Minister Clark's government, provided "a gravy train for one or two members" of the Conservative administration. Liberal Steve Neary unleashed his own tirade. He talked about "a monumental rip-off" while Crosbie had been chairman of the crown-owned mill.

Neary was just back from a sojourn in .Panama with Doyle, a sometime fugitive from Canadian justice, and he promised to supply proof to back his allegations. By early June, however, he had yet to produce his evidence. After news of his trip to Panama got out, Neary said he'd deal "with the devil himself if that's the only way to get at the truth."

Crosbie, however, said "vague and scandalous allegations have been made in the past and proven to be of no substance." Never one to turn the other cheek, he also said Simmons and Neary were "so far down in the mire that you'd need a backhoe to find them." He described Doyle as "the organ-grinder who stays down in Panama while his trained monkeys, Neary and Simmons, perform here in Newfoundland."

Conceived in the mid-Sixties by Smallwood, the government-assisted Javelin project has been a fabulous money-loser. By the time the Conservatives took office in '72, the government's indebtedness had soared to more than \$120 million, and the new government promptly nationalized the mill. Construction was completed in '73 at a total cost of \$155 million and, at the official opening, Premier Moores said that, if the Conservatives had been in

power earlier, they'd probably have shelved the whole project.

Still, he assured Stephenville, his government was "fully committed to the success of the venture." A success it was not to be. When the mill closed in '77, Moores reflected the government might have been wiser to have let it sink or swim on its own. By then, Newfoundland and Labrador had guaranteed indebtedness—or provided advances secured on mortgages on the mill—totalling more than \$300 million.

Replying to criticism for having given up on the mill, Moores said it was either that or risk a reduction in Newfoundland's credit rating, already the lowest in Canada. If prospects had looked good for attracting a buyer, he said, he might have kept the mill open. But even though the enterprise was available at a fire-sale price, the province's search for a buyer had failed. Little more than a year later, however, Moores was able to announce the sale to Abitibi. Neary called this deal "the giveaway of the century."

The price was \$43.5 million. The arrangement required Abitibi to spend another \$60 million on the mill's conversion to a 150,000-ton-per-year newsprint plant. What Abitibi got was a mill with a replacement value of roughly \$400 million, a \$15-million grant (most of it from the feds), and federal tax benefits totalling \$200 million.

But the people of Stephenville couldn't care less about the terms of the deal. Their concern is jobs, and 860 of them can expect work at the mill and in related woods operations. Their provincial member is Willie O'Neill and, while his fellow Liberals were making hay over the "giveaway," he told the House he welcomed Abitibi. A smart man. To do otherwise would have been political suicide.

- Bill Kelly



that, if the Conservatives had been in At the mill, new hope. At St. John's, old political viciousness

### **New Brunswick**

# **Donatien Gaudet's goal: The Province of Acadia**

hen Donatien Gaudet talks about his parents, his eyes light up. "My father was postmaster of St. Joseph (next to Memramcook near Moncton). But besides that, he taught music and did paintings, ran the local theatre group and conducted the military band. We raised foxes. We had all kinds of animals, which we used to get in the woods. And my father was a great moose-caller. He died in 1933. I was 10 years old." His mother had to support Donatien, three

brothers and two sisters. "She sold the foxes, but kept the post office." Donatien was able to complete school and

become a priest.

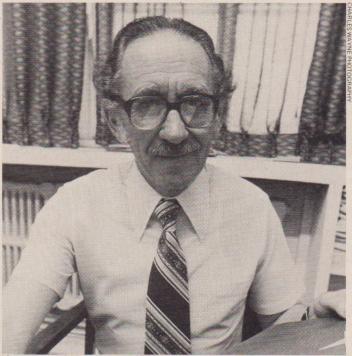
"I didn't practise as a priest. I came back to St. Joseph's College where I taught until they closed it in 1966 (after the opening of the University of Moncton). The Memramcook Institute for adult education was then opened, using the buildings. I was assistant administrator at first, but then became developer of different types of courses." Gaudet lasted until 1970. He became one of the driving forces in an attempt at union organization. "I've never told anyone before, but I was fired.'

Love of family and dislike of injustice help explain why Donatien Gaudet chose to succeed Dr. Jean-Pierre Lanteigne of Bothwest this

year as leader of the Parti Acadien, a seven-year-old New Brunswick political party whose main objective is the establishment of the Province of Acadia, a homeland where Acadians can be masters of their own destiny. He is a wiry man of medium height and receding hairline and, with his grey mustache, sideburns and plastic-frame glasses two steps out of fashion, he still looks more like an amiable professor than a political firebrand.

In nine years, Gaudet has been: An animateur with CRASE, a government-sponsored improvement council in the southeast; organizer of a provincial conference of Acadians for the National Acadian Society; founder of a francophone community centre in Moncton; general secretary of the New Brunswick Acadian Society; president of the Federation of Francophones outside Quebec; president of the Memramcook Chamber of Commerce. As he tells it, however, he spent most of his time banging his head on a wall:

"Acadians make up 36% of the population of this province. But they hold only 13% of the high-level jobs



Lanteigne of Bathurst this If Acadia could be erased in 1755, it can be put back

in the provincial government. And they have to be bilingual. Most anglophone employees do not. We sought to have Fredericton, capital of a so-called bilingual province, made into a bilingual zone. But nothing was done. Then there's Moncton. It is like the province in miniature-36% francophone. We asked the city to commit itself to equal services for both population groups. What we got were a few signs. But try calling the fire department or police department in French. You are held on the line until they see if they can happen to find someone who can understand what you are saying.

While you wait, your house can burn down."

Gaudet ran unsuccessfully for the PA in last fall's election in Memramcook, a Liberal bastion of classic proportions. But for the first time, the PA itself became a factor in an election, coming within a whisker of winning Restigouche East and running strongly elsewhere. The party platform calls for a province to be carved out of the north and east of New Brunswick, that is, the counties of Madawaska, Restigouche, Northumberland, Kent, a sliver of northern Victoria and part of Westmorland. The population is in the 250,000-range, upwards of 60% Frenchspeaking. "In area," Gaudet says "it would be larger than eight American states. There is talk now of giving the Yukon provincial status. Surely the Acadians deserve as much.'

> New Brunswick could have been called Acadia or New Acadia when it was split off from Nova Scotia in 1785. "But the Loyalists didn't bother consulting the Acadians, who were here in some numbers as well." The original Brunswick, in Germany, was the ancestral centre of George II, in whose name the Acadians had been ruthlessly expelled from their Annapolis Valley home 30 years before. "If it was possible to order this expulsion and erase Acadia," Gaudet argues, "then it must be possible to draw a line on a map and put it back."

> Some of the PA's appeal lies in its economic program. Northeast New Brunswick has large and chronic unemployment—the 1930s in perpetuity. The PA says the Lower Saint John River Valley and other anglophone areas "get

everything," and its economic recipe is NDP-style socialism simmered in ethnic

pride.

To Gaudet, survival of the Acadians is the paramount concern. Acadians traditionally have been Swisslike in their approach to other peoples' quarrels. But neutrality failed in the time of the expulsion, and it may not work in the time of a Quebec-Canada showdown. Says Gaudet, "With the Quebec situation, it's becoming urgent that Acadians have someone to speak for them." What happens if Canada splits up? "We must not let others decide for us."

— Jon Everett

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### Canada

## The shocking state of national defence

Officers and fat-cat civilians are doing just fine, thank you

here are you, Bill Landymore, now that your country needs you again? Admiral Landymore might not have been a great tactician when he went down with all guns blazing in the armed forces unification battle 15 years ago. But he understood that the professionalism and morale of the lower deck, the infantry squad and the aircraft ground crew were the foundations of sound defence. He torpedoed his own career by condemning politicians for imposing political decisions on the military. Unification is the price Canada paid for Paul Hellyer to become a candidate for the Liberal leadership in 1968.

Landymore was right. The individual services have been restored (though under the names Maritime Command for navy, Mobile Command for army and Air Command for air force). But meanwhile, those who fawned on Hellyer and thereby got big promotions have airily continued their demolition of Canada's military strength. Consider:

Forces strength has been steadily whittled from 124,000 in 1962 to about 78,000 today. In this operation, guess who gets whittled. Certainly not the civilians or the officer corps. There are only 20 operational commands in the armed forces, but there are well over 100 generals. There are eight lieutenant-generals; there used to be three. There are eight assistant deputy ministers; there used to be two.

Canada is the only country in the world whose air force outnumbers its army. But there are only 215 combat aircraft. In a defence force with 14,000 officers, there are only 3,000 combat infantry privates. Our mechanized brigade in Europe used to number 6,000 men; now it has fewer than 3,000. We used to have 12 fighter squadrons in Europe; now we have three.

A battalion normally numbers 900 men, but no battalion in Canada has an effective strength of more than 400. The one called out for sandbag duty in the recent Red River flood could muster only 250 men and, if another civil emergency had arisen at the same time, it is doubtful the military could have helped. The army is so light on the ground that many soldiers have done seven or eight hitches in the United Nations group in Cyprus. Sailors have

to return to sea duty time and again without a decent shore posting. No wonder so many quit.

Two years ago, the Defence Department scrapped a plan to train 10,000 young unemployed Canadians as infantrymen. The regular force couldn't find 800 men needed to train them. Meanwhile, civilians in the Defence Department are increasing this year by 2,978 to 37,494. The forces' strength is being cut by 128—none of them officers.

On the equipment side: The Starfighter in Europe carries the 20-millimetre cannon, the same weapon Canadian fighter planes used in the Second World War. Starfighters are so decrepit, their airframes and undercarriages are being repaired in Edmonton. The parts make it home in the belly of a transport plane—non-military, of course, because a military one is not available.

The Russians fly more reconnaissance flights near Canada's eastern and northern coasts than we do: About one a week. Canada makes fewer than 12 Arctic "sovereignty flights" a year. Last year, the navy managed only one sea run to the Arctic. And that was to Thule, Greenland, not to a Canadian destination. The navy has 20 destroyers, but the youngest is 15 years old and



Landymore: Unification cost him his career. Has history proved him right?

they cannot put to sea together because there aren't enough crews to man them all at the same time.

Then there's the interceptor boondoggle. Twenty years ago, Diefenbaker ditched the Arrow on the grounds the manned bomber threat was subsidiary at most. Twenty years later, the Defence Department is still making interceptors its top priority. During the Pearson administration, it bought the U.S. CF-5, a plane so bad the Americans couldn't use it even in Vietnam. Our CF-5 now is supposed to support ground troops in Norway. (The prospect of the Russians fighting down the mountain length of Norway is so remote as to be ludicrous.) To get to Norway from Canada, the CF-5s would have to be refuelled in the air. Unfortunately, we have no air refuellers. But what the hell. It's only a war game, though played with real money.

A story making the Ottawa rounds is that the CF-5 has such a short range that if the pilot has to bail out he can always walk back to the base. Anyway, the Defence Department now wants us to buy another interceptor: 135 of them, for \$2,300 million. (Ten battalions of infantry would cost \$150

million.)

The planes left in the purported competition are American: The General Dynamics F-16 and McDonnell Douglas F-18. Both have a woeful lack of range for the long-distance interceptor Canada needs. Why an interceptor at all, when the navy and army are being starved to death? Or if we have to buy one, why don't we get the best?

The answer lies partly in the civilianization of the Defence Department. This results in compromise on quality, in this case a plane cheap enough to allow purchase of sufficient numbers to cover two roles—North American defence and army support in Europe—but serving neither adequately. (Another supersonic plane with a 20-millimetre cannon?) The answer also lies in a decision about personnel taken some years ago: To give pilots and navigators permanent careers instead of signing them on short terms. It was even better for these airmen than the indexed pension.

With few planes to fly, thousands of air force officers have to be fitted into ground jobs in the permanent establishment. These officers outnumber those of the navy and army and weigh heavily in defence decisions. They may not fly any more, but they

are in the cockpit.

- The Fat City Phantom

The Fat City Phantom is privy to inside government information. Atlantic Insight prefers to keep it that way.

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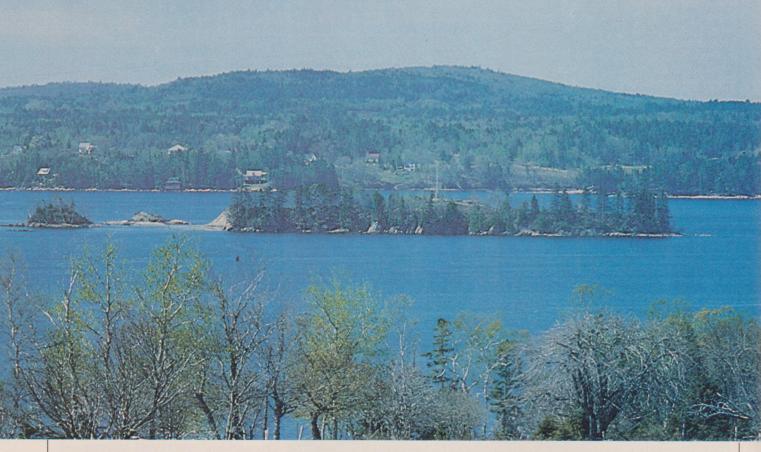
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### International

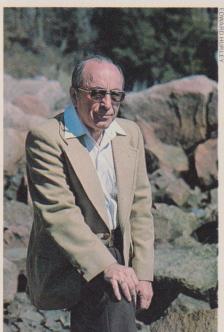


# The Acadian "plot" to get a U.S. isle

It's called St. Croix. Samuel de Champlain slept here

he argument centres on who's going to develop one of North America's most interesting historic sites. The participants are the taciturn Yankees of Maine's Washington County, the volatile Acadians of New Brunswick, and the ever-present politicians, ready to pledge everything but cash. Curiously, the object of all the attention has been sitting almost unnoticed for nearly four centuries. It is St. Croix Island, off Red Beach, Me. The current fuss began last March with the speech from the throne in New Brunswick. In a sense, this year is the 375th Anniversary of the Acadian peoples, and the speech indicated N.B. had made overtures to the U.S. government to have the island turned into an international park. It's the spot at which Samuel de Champlain wintered in 1604.

The news surprised Frank Fenderson, a semi-retired customs broker in Calais, Me. He'd been working with Washington County people to develop the island as an American tourist site,



Fenderson: He defends U.S. claim to isle

and had made some progress. Last year, Congress voted \$800,000 for dock construction, and for a visitors' centre. (None of Champlain's structures remain.) The idea was, the centre would show a map of Champlain's settlement and assorted French artifacts that people have been unearthing for close to four centuries.

But the funds Congress voted were "put ahead"; restraint had reared its ugly head. Meanwhile, Fenderson's group had been getting inquiries from the Société historique acadienne. Fenderson gets along fine with the Acadian organization (though he wishes it had consulted him before lobbying Fredericton), but some of his allies fear being "pushed around" by the Acadians. They point out that St. Croix Island is clearly in U.S. waters.

In Moncton, Father Maurice Leger, president of the Acadian historical society, cheerfully confirms Fenderson's suspicion that it was the society's idea to make the island international. Some

historians regard St. Croix Island as being of "secondary" importance, but not Leger: "Because this encampment is the oldest recorded habitation in the region, we consider the island of paramount importance, and we also feel it to be the cultural cradle of the Acadian people."

The confusion partly stems from the term "international park." In strict terms, there's no such thing. What the Acadians want at St. Croix is not a takeover but something similar to the Roosevelt-Campobello International Park just downriver. Here, the park administration is international but no one denies the island is part of Canada.

To complicate matters, Washington County, Me., is touchy about the international boundary. It was only after painful searching for the river Champlain had mentioned in his journals that the two countries declared the dividing line. The discovery by surveyors of the graves of some of the explorers' men confirmed the point. The Webster-Ashburton Treaty (1842) appeared to settle the Maine-New Brunswick border for all time, but disputes over the alignment of the line have occasionally sprung up, and some Washington County folk wrongly fear the Acadians want a titular claim to the island.

ndications of support for an international park have come from Senator Edmund Muskie, but Fenderson will fight to keep it an all-American project. "New Brunswick has done a great job with its own historic sites," he says. "But this is our job, and we'll do it." If Maine's discovery of the tourism potential of St. Croix Island seems belated, Fenderson's group has at least helped settle its name. Indians called it "Mut-an-ag-wes" (place to leave things). Early settlers called it Neutral Island, or Bone Island. A clergyman's daughter from Bayside, N.B., used to row her boyfriend out to the island, and make love among the graves; after that, it was Dochet's Island. (Dochet was a corruption of Dosia, the girl's nickname.) It was only five years ago that the Fenderson faction persuaded New Brunswick to change a sign at Bayside from "Dochet's Island" to "St. Croix Island."

It's unlikely Canadian or New

It's unlikely Canadian or New Brunswick governments will offer cash for development of an American tourist attraction, and Congress is still sitting on its \$800,000 "grant." St. Croix Island may therefore remain as it is for years to come. Meanwhile, Fenderson's group plans to round up boats for Acadian historians who want to visit the island this summer for an anniversary ceremony. The folks from Maine don't mind the Acadians looking. Touching is another matter.

- John Porteous

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## **Cover Story**



His brother Claude remembers, "Even if you were just taking out a couple of horses from the barn, Joe would try to beat you"

## He may be the richest athlete ever born on the Island. He's 62, but nowhere near ready to come home. He is

By Stephen Kimber

n the paddock at the Meadowlands Racetrack in East Rutherford, N.J., Joe O'Brien wordlessly completes his pre-race preparations. He runs a hand along the flanks of Ima Lula, the sixyear-old bay mare he will drive in tonight's sixth race. He tugs on the harness, squeezes the tires of the sulky to be sure the air pressure is just right.

Joseph Cyril O'Brien should be a spectacularly satisfied man. For most of his 62 years horses have been his consuming passion, and the horses have handsomely repaid his devotion. Having won more races than all but three other drivers in harness-racing history and virtually every award the sport has to offer, O'Brien is one of the world's most respected horsemen. He is also one of the richest. His lifetime winningsmore than \$17 million at the end of 1978-rank seventh-best in all of harness racing.

If you want to know how a Prince Edward Island farm boy became rich beyond his wildest dreams, all you have to do is look across the paddock, past the stonedust oval of the mile-long track to the towering glass-encased grandstand of the Meadowlands. Plunked strategically in the centre of the 18 million potential customers of the New York-New Jersey megalopolis, the Meadowlands symbolizes how harness racing has come since the days when farmers met with their rigs on country roads and raced for sport and perhaps a small wager.

The Meadowlands-just one of the dozens of harness-racing showplaces that have popped up all over North America since the Second World Waroffers its patrons three restaurants, a concourse with more closed-circuit color television monitors than a TV network, a veritable department store of parimutuel windows, and a scoreboard capable of all sorts of visual electronic wizardry, not to mention parking space for 22,000 cars.

During this typical Monday-night card (harness racing is the featured attraction here six nights a week from January to August), 16,000 people will bet more than \$2.25 million in mostly fruitless efforts to beat the odds. Even in the run-of-the-mill sixth race, the only one in which O'Brien is entered, the purse is \$30,000-more than 20 times what he won in the entire 1941 racing season in the Maritimes.

But if that explains why he is a rich man, it doesn't help you understand why it is that, as his grooms strap him into the sulky, Joe O'Brien's mind is fixed on other times and places-Maritime harness tracks during the late 1930s and early 1940s-and why he sometimes wishes he could bring those days back. Perhaps it is just that the New Jersey air, cleansed of its city smells by a day of rain, is clean and gentle. It speaks of nights in which O'Brien and his fellow riders, after a day of racing on some dusty Maritime oval, bedded down in the stall with their horses. There was no big money in harness racing then but there was something that, for O'Brien, was far more important. Back then, the men who drove the horses and those who came to cheer them shared a love of horses and an appreciation of the skills of the sport. "Today," he says, "most of the people who come to the track don't know anything about horses. And they don't care. We're just numbers to them. We're just something to bet on.'

O'Brien is back in his room in the nearby Holiday Inn. As soon as his race was over—he lost—he showered, changed into a dapper three-piece tan-and-rust suit and hurried away from the Meadowlands. "I'm not much of a fellow for the high life," he says. "There was nothing there I wanted to stay for."

His neatly circumscribed world encompasses only the distance between the paddock and the finish line. When he is on the harness-racing circuit, as he is from April through December, he spends his morning at the track checking out his horses, his afternoons in the hotel room relaxing, and his evenings racing. The routine is broken only by the continuing travel from race track to race track. When there's a long enough gap between races, he flies back to his 50-acre ranch in Shafter, Calif., to break and train young horses.

Although high-livers and gamblers have helped make O'Brien wealthy, he has little in common with them. He doesn't smoke, takes only an occasional drink with dinner and, in a lifetime around race tracks, has never stepped up to a parimutuel window to place a bet. "There's a rough word called bullshit that we use sometimes but there was never any of that about Joe," Bob Dewar says. Dewar, a long-time director of the Summerside Harness Racing Track, saw O'Brien ride in his first professional race in 1933: "He was a perfectionist and all business. He was known around here as 'Silent Joe.' He hardly ever said a word but he knew his horses, that's for sure."



A perfectionist, O'Brien was always all business

Harness-racing fans claim strange things happen when O'Brien and a horse get together. He has a reputation for getting superb performances out of nothing-special nags and he does it without the paraphernalia lesser drivers favor. He uses the whip only rarely. His specialty is hanging back in the field until exactly the right moment and then slipping through to the winner's circle. In 1936 in Halifax, an excited radio announcer forgot both O'Brien's name and the name of his horse, but the sport's devotees already knew whom he was talking about. "A big bay horse with a white face and a little fellow driving is really moving on the outside," screamed the announcer. "He's seventh, he's sixth, he's fifth-Great Scott, he's fourth, he's third. He's second and, by gosh, they're going to win it."

ut there is something even more Dimpressive about O'Brien, a quality that has made his name known among Maritimers who wouldn't know a thoroughbred from a standardbred. O'Brien possesses a kind of integrity that has made Prince Edward Island synonymous with class on harnessracing tracks all over North America and even in Europe. Though his roots are in what one writer has called "the bareknuckle days of harness racing"-when races were fixed as casually as wrestling matches and dirty tricks aboundedhe has a reputation for never having tried to injure another rider and never, never, having intentionally lost a race.

At St. Stephen, N.B., in the mid-Forties, a shady horse-owner told O'Brien just before a race began that he should finish no better than sixth. Already injured from a spill in an earlier heat, O'Brien demanded his grooms lift him out of the sulky and told the owner: "I don't drive horses that way. If you want her sixth, you drive." He did and the horse finished sixth.

"Joe always raced to win," says his brother Claude. "Even if you were just taking out a couple of horses from the barn, Joe would try to beat you. That's just the way he was."

That combination of competitiveness, horsemanship and boy-scout earnestness is still O'Brien's trade mark. Its roots can be traced all the way back to his father's horse-obsessed Alberton, P.E.I., farm. Harry O'Brien was known for being able to build a harness-racing oval just so and helped construct many Maritime tracks. His own track was a popular local attraction and, even before young Joe could walk, he sat in the sulky on the lap of one relative or another as his father's horses went through their paces.

When he was born-in 1917—the horse was still king on the Island. Upstart automobiles scared horses and,



He rarely uses the whip. He's got something better. Rapp

until the early 1920s, the Island allowed them only on certain roads on certain days. O'Brien was just three when he began driving horses, 10 when he became an assistant trainer for his older brothers. He was the fifth of seven children, five brothers and two sisters, and all but one of the boys were involved with horses. At 13, he drove in his first race. At 16, in his first professional race, he drove a horse named Mickey Mouse to a third-place finish.

O'Brien's mother wanted him to go to veterinary college when he graduated from high school but instead, he used his family's equestrian reputation to land a job as an assistant trainer at Nova Scotia horse-owner William Latta's River Hebert stable in 1936. Within a year, he was successful enough to return to Alberton and open his first public stable as a trainer-driver in his own right. But he didn't really make his name until the Second World War. Turned down for service because one leg was shorter than the other, O'Brien took a night job in a New Glasgow munitions plant and spent his days at the local Dudey Patch Racing Club. "He developed a great set of hands," Bob Dewar says. "To be a great driver you have to have a very light hand at the controls. There has to be a rhythm between the hands and the horse. A good driver talks to the horse's mouth with the reins. Joe learned how to do that as well as anybody."

By the end of the war, O'Brien was the Maritimes' leading harness-racing driver, a title he held till he moved

#### **Cover Story**

permanently to the States in 1948. Though harness racing was not then the booming business it is today, it was incredibly popular in the Maritimes. small community Every Buctouche, N.B., to Montague, P.E.I., had its own track and the good drivers raced on them all.

In the fall of 1947, in an effort to expand his horizons, O'Brien took seven not-so-spectacular horses to the then newly opened track in Foxboro, Mass., and set five different speed records. His 128 wins that year were tops in North America and attracted the attention of Sep Paulin, a legendary American horse trainer, who immediately hired O'Brien as a second trainer at the Castleton Farms stable in Del Mar, Calif. After hacking out sweaty afternoons for spare change at Maritime race tracks, California indeed seemed the land of

opportunity. With a nothing-horse, O'Brien won his first big race-the 1948 Golden West Classic with a purse of \$50,000—in his very first try.

Although regarded as little more than a "Canadian cowboy who had the good fortune to drive winners conditioned by Sep Paulin," O'Brien managed to win \$100,000 that first season. The next year he quit Paulin's operation. "I had always trained and raced my own horses," he remembers, "and that's the way I wanted it." He opened his own stable again, with eight horses, and began alternating his time between tracks in California and Florida.

The rest, as they say, is history. He has ridden more than 500 under-twominute miles, clocked what the U.S. Trotting Association called a "world-startling" 1:52 time trial at a meet in

O'Brien has driven more than 500 under-two-minute miles



His secret is in his hands. He "talks to the horse's mouth with the reins'

1971, rode the first ever under-two-minute mile in Europe, developed harness racing's first triple crown winner (Scott Frost) and its first millionaire horse (Fresh Yankee). His adopted home town in California named him Man of the Year in 1965. He is also in Canada's Sports Hall of Fame, the Prince Edward Island Sportsmen Hall of Fame, and the United States Harness Association Living Hall of Fame.

All of that inevitably leads Joe O'Brien to this standard-issue room in the North Bergen, N.J., Holiday Inn. He does not want to be here. At 62, he is tired of travel, fed up with knownothing gamblers, and depressed by the fact that the sport he loves is now simply another way for people to make a living. "I'd be happy if someone would give me a little money and leave me alone and let me break and train new horses," he says. "That's what I'd really like to do."

So why doesn't he? If the fun has gone out of racing for him, why not just chuck it and return to California and the ranch? O'Brien feels some obligation to the horse-owners who entrust their animals to his care, but that's only part of the answer. Bob Dewar probably came closer to the truth when he said O'Brien "would never be comfortable unless he was handling everything. He's such a perfectionist that no one could do a better job with a horse than him."

Indeed, O'Brien has a string of complaints about young drivers who don't go out to the track in the mornings, just show up for the races, and then go off to have a good time. "They don't care about horses and you can't get them to travel around to the different tracks. They always want to stay in one place.'

O'Brien has yet to discover anyone who handles horses the way he believes they should be handled, and he therefore logs a couple of hundred thousand bone-wearying miles a year, dazzling those who still get a kick out of watching a superb horseman go through his paces. He says he'll retire "soon" but, at the same time, notes that an 80year-old driver won the Hambletonian, one of harness racing's premier events.

Whenever he does retire, it will not be to Prince Edward Island. "The winters are too cold up there," he says with finality. But if he won't come home to the Maritimes, that doesn't stop his mind from wandering back to savor once again the days when people really cared about horses, and about the men who drove them. Those were the good times.

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### **Folks**



Landry wants better deal for homemakers

Idea Landry, 33, Bathurst, quit the N.B. Council on the Status of Women because it took too much of her time. A classic excuse but, in her case, justified. She shares a law practice with her husband Fernand; sits on the N.B. Human Rights Commission; serves as a governor of University of Moncton and a member of the Bathurst Planning commission. Moreover, she still acts as an adviser to the Council on the Status of Women. Landry backs its push for matrimonial property reform: "The issue has been studied enough....In New Brunswick, matrimonial ownership is still linked with the financial contribution of the parties involved. The contribution of the homemaker in child rearing is not recognized." She's hopeful that, within a year, N.B. will have laws giving wives and husbands equal shares of property.

If Uncle Bob Hawkins wore six pairs of stockin's whenever he went on the squid-jiggin' ground, so perhaps did Arthur Scammell who, more than half a century ago, not only jigged his first squid but also immortalized Uncle Bob in "The Squid-Jiggin' Ground." Scam-

Scammell: He has mainland jokes too



mell is 66 now but he was only 15 when he wrote the song that, all over the world, still means Newfoundland (whether Newfoundlanders like it or not). Back in '28, young Art's schoolteacher didn't like it much. Still, it was a hit at local parties-Scammell grew up in Change Islands-and, when businessman Gerald Doyle heard it, he encouraged him to go to St. John's to sing it on radio. Later, while studying at Mc-Gill in Montreal, Scammell and his wife borrowed \$1,000 from Doyle so Scammell could record the song. It took off. Since '42, it has earned Scammell more than \$35,000 in royalties. He taught in Montreal for 28 years but, these days, he's nicely settled in St. John's. He knows mainlanders often link "The Squid-Jiggin' Ground" with Newfie jokes, but he simply doesn't care: "We have our mainland jokes."

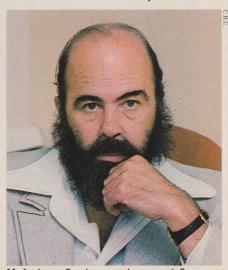


Zimbel: Erotic homework on the Island

Afarm on the south shore of Prince Edward Island may seem an unlikely place to get your sex life straightened out but then, by Island standards, Elaine Zimbel is an unlikely person. Zimbel, 49, moved to Charlottetown from New York State in 1971 with her husband, a photographer, and four children. She promptly set up office as a psychotherapist but, among the Island's Scots Calvinists, there's been a certain resistance to the form of psychodrama in which she specializes. Still, she

perseveres in her efforts to overcome a host of inhibitions and cultural repressions. Recently she launched something new: Residential weekends at her "bona fide farm" at Argyle Shore. These outings, she says, are "an opportunity to deal experientially with emotions and the body, sexuality, dreams, authority, grief and loss, and interpersonal relations." For \$175, you can go there to eat, sleep, undergo therapy. For the couples, there's a follow-up program. Zimbel "assigns to the partners erotic tasks to do in the privacy of their home."

ack McAndrew, chief of variety at CBC headquarters in Toronto, can't wait to get back down east in September. With the Irish Rovers, he'll be at the Lunenburg Fisheries Exhibition to shoot a Super-Special celebrating the sailing traditions of Atlantic Canada. Recently, McAndrew organized the taping of a summer-replacement series starring John Allan Cameron (See Folks, June). Born in Dalhousie, N.B., McAndrew was director of the Charlottetown Festival when CBC asked him to shape up its variety department. A piece of recent evidence that he's succeeding: The CBC has just sold Anne Murray's Ladies Night (also starring Phoebe Snow, Marilyn McCoo, Colleen Peterson, Charity Brown, among others) to 110 U.S. stations. Moreover, in competition against 28 countries, Rich Little's Christmas Carol special, another CBC production, won the Golden Rose award as top variety show of '78. But success has not made McAndrew entirely happy. He misses the east coast: "I get very homesick, especially this time of year, and I'm going to go back as soon as I can find gainful employment. It's a much saner way to live.'

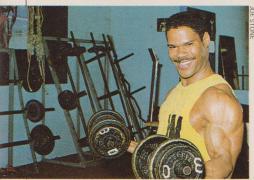


McAndrew: Can he come home again?



Cat-lover Corbin: No cheap thrills

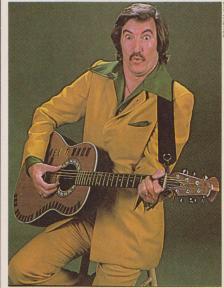
ova Scotian cat-owners who want Noth a cat-free vacation and a clear conscience could do a lot worse than turn their pets over to Barbara Corbin of the coyly named Pussy Pause Motel. It opened last summer but Corbin, who carries her love of cats to an extreme only other cat-worshippers can truly understand, had been thinking about it off and on for 25 years. At the Pussy Pause, each cat gets a spacious room of his, or her, or its own, with a shelf for curling up on, bright carpets, a toy mouse, litter and, yes, a private outdoor patio. For multi-cat families, Corbin has "group suites." The Pussy Pause is roughly 30 miles south of Halifax at Indian Harbour, and Corbin believes there's nothing quite like it anywhere else in Atlantic Canada. Business is good but, like the proprietors of all truly great hotels, she refuses to sacrifice service to expansion: "If I got much bigger the quality of individual attention would drop. I won't let that happen." Obviously, the Pussy Pause is not one of your seedy, shack-up joints. Corbin is the wife of an Anglican clergyman.



Howe: A N.B. body beautiful shapes up

Add to the list of things like fiddle-heads and salmon that make New Brunswick famous one more native product: Musclemen. Stephen Howe who walked away with the Mr. Maritimes title this spring is just one of several N.B. bodies beautiful making it big in competitions, and international connoisseurs feel he's got what it takes to go straight to the top and bring the Mr. Universe title back to the province. But first it's off to the Mr. Canada con-

test in Montreal this August and the former 98-pound weakling is in hard training: "I'll have my body fat down to less than 6%," he states, "and in addition to a high protein diet I'll be exercising 1½ to two hours a day and sprinting." It doesn't leave much free time for Howe who's also a K-Mart management trainee, but friends, including his girl, are understanding. What really bugs him is the reputation body builders have for being narcissistic. "We're not admiring ourselves when we stand in front of mirrors," he points out. "We're perfecting the six mandatory poses that are required for competition and developing muscle control the same way gymnasts or swimmers work on their style. The mirror's simply an instant feedback tool." With the shelf full of trophies and medals Howe has won in the last three years, it's a safe bet nobody calls him narcissistic to his face. They don't kick sand in it either.



Wall: Flogging the shirts off his back

When Toronto's Molly & Me tavern was wondering what to do with its space upstairs, Michael T. Wall, selfstyled "King of the Newfies," naturally suggested a Newfoundland Club. That was in '75 and the place has been rolling along ever since. Membership is free, even for non-Newfoundlanders. Michael T. himself, a Corner Brook boy, sings there three nights a week and runs the Molly & Me Jamboree Talent Show. Winners get his latest single for Boot Records (Stompin' Tom Connors' label), "A Newfie Polka." "People go wild when I sing it," Michael T. allows. He'll tour Newfoundland this summer. His last tour netted him enough to put a down payment on a house just west of Toronto. His latest album, King of the Newfies, shows him wearing a crown, but Michael T.'s chief trade marks are flashy \$50-shirts with wide collars, puff sleeves and maps of Newfoundland.

Success has not chilled his warm, Newfie heart: To raise \$800 to help fight muscular dystrophy in '78, he auctioned his guitar picks, boots, and the shirts off his back.

Despite what happened in the Newfoundland Provincial Dance Marathon, Keith Leriche, 20, Port aux Basques, vows to "keep on dancin'" till the Guinness Book of World Records recognizes him. At a local club in February, he entered a dance contest and, 201 hours later, was still on his feet. This helped inspire Harold Bockman, owner of the Port Club, to get from Guinness their rules for dance contests and, in April, the Port and a club in Grand Falls imported two former dance champs from England. Knee problems defeated one after a mere 27 hours. That left Keith dancing in Port aux Basques while, in Grand Falls, Englishman Ian Hanlon danced on and on. And on. In good weather, Keith danced outside; in bad weather, he played darts while swaying to such favorites as "Rasputin," "Forever in Blue Jeans" and "It's A Winner." Old and young townsfolk cheered him on, but after 13 days he caught flu and danced to a hospital. It ordered bed-rest. His time: 304 hours, 19 minutes. Hanlon kept going till the 312th hour but no sooner had he quit than observers disputed his record, and raised questions about his five-minute breaks. Now, Guinness officials would have to make a ruling but, whatever they decided, Port aux Basques knew the real dance champ of the world. It was good old Keith.

Leriche: He'll keep on dancin'



### **Fisheries**

# Salmon-fishing ban remains "a mess"

In N.B., anyone can fish salmon except salmon fishermen

even years after federal Fisheries Minister Jack Davis declared a ban on commercial salmon fishing, the infighting continues among anglers, Indians and others who may still catch salmon legally in New Brunswick. Moreover, the failure of assorted governments to manage the fishery properly appals not only the commercial fishermen whom the ruling still bars from catching salmon but also a few scientists from as far away as British Columbia. In Moncton, at a federally sponsored salmon seminar (from which the commercial salmon fishermen were also barred), P.A. Larkin of the University of B.C. said eastern Canadian hatchery programs were "piecemeal, small-scale, unco-ordinated and carried out with "sleepiness." Larkin referred to the "more than modest amounts" of salmon that poachers and anglers were taking, and Wilfred N. Carter of the International Salmon Foundation at St. Andrews, N.B., said the competition among such groups had to stop "or everyone will lose and there will be no salmon for anyone." The situation, he said, was "a hell of a mess."

When Larkin's and Carter's opinions leaked from the Moncton seminar to the ears of Leonard Wilson they gave him grim satisfaction. He's president of the Saint John Commercial Salmon Fishermen's Association and, for years, the commercial fishermen have watched from the sidelines as government fumbled salmon management and fish stocks declined. When the ban started, the fishermen raised a ruckus over compensation that attracted international attention and, ever since, bureaucrats, scientists and anglers have generally ignored their opinions. "They've had seven years," Wilson says, with regard to the 50-odd officials, anglers, fish processors and scientists who attended the Moncton seminar. "It took them long enough, but it doesn't matter who makes the recommendations, as long as they (fisheries officials) do something to save the resource."

The history of the ban is uninspiring. Back in '72, Davis named salmon management advisory committees for the Saint John, Restigouche and Miramichi rivers. "These committees," he told fishermen, "will help us to rebuild the runs....We have ideas. We have the dollars." In '73, he promised hatcheries

and efforts to improve spawning grounds. Committee members, however, said their reports didn't seem to reach him, and the Mactaquac Fish Hatchery continued to operate on its '72 budget (about \$250,000). Though the hatchery's potential production was more than 500,000 salmon smolts a year, there have been years in which the smolts numbered only a quarter of that.

Meanwhile, unarmed fisheries protection officers found themselves facing armed poachers, or Indians, and sometimes violence occurred. The anglers noisily complained and, recently, the bycatches of salmon that sometimes occur when commercial fishermen set nets for other species complicated the mess even further. "Government made its first mistake when it failed to close the whole New Brunswick salmon industry," Wilson says. "They made their second mistake when they opened the new Indian Food Fishery (in '74), while the ban was on."

The salmon got it left, right and centre. Angling grew fatter by the year. In '77, government estimated anglers caught more salmon in New Brunswick than the commercial fishermen had caught in '70. By '78, salmon stocks had shrunk below the levels of '72 and the anglers-backed by such sport fishermen as cabinet ministers Leslie Hull and J.W. Bird-complained about the poachers, Indians and bycatches of fishermen. Since many anglers are rich non-residents who spend up to \$145 a day in their pursuit of New Brunswick salmon, the anglers argue their hobby is worth millions to the province. When the ban applied only to commercial salmon fishing in New Brunswick, parts of Quebec, and at Port aux Basques, Nfld., they lobbied for its extension to other Newfoundland waters and even to the high seas. No one in authority ever suggests a ban on angling.

The Moncton seminar, last November, followed anglers' griping about the poor season they'd had in '78. Fisheries Minister Romeo LeBlanc opened it by verbally swatting the commercial salmon fishermen who'd been refused admission. Declining salmon stocks, he said, had resulted in stories "that twist the words of my officials." But before the scientists presented their briefs, he left. Maybe he should have stayed. One scientist urged a \$75-million program by

two levels of government over the next decade to produce 6 to 10 million smolts a year and, eventually, to double Atlantic Canada's salmon harvest. Another made the heretical proposal that, in time, commercial fishermen actually be allowed to harvest salmon.

No one talked about Australia. More than a decade ago the Australian government, fed up with feuding lobbies, put its fishery in the hands of commercial fishermen. Within six years, the value of Australia's spiny lobster industry rose by 53.8%. — Esther Crandall



Wilson: Tired of government fumbling



Foreign anglers spend millions in N.B.

### Resources

## Will success spoil land God gave to Cain?

xplorer Jacques Cartier called Lab-rador "the land God gave to Cain" and columnist Ray Guy called it the land Smallwood gave to promoter John C. Doyle. But now, the 30,000 people of that cruel, huge (at 112,000 square miles, it's nearly three times as big as Newfoundland) territory must ponder former premier Frank Moores' blessing of their homeland as "one of the greatest storehouses of resources on the North American continent." The big question: What will industrial development do to the old, prickly, proud, stubborn but still vulnerable society of Labrador?

As Sandra Gwyn put it in an awardwinning article for Saturday Night, "At issue in Labrador, above all, is whether real development, of people and indigenous resources, can be achieved and made part of the social fabric before unreal development (oil and gas as tomorrow's equivalent of the U.S. Strategic Air Command base at Goose Bay) comes thundering in to dislocate

a society."

Eighty percent of Canada's iron ore comes from Labrador. Under its subglacial till and tundra, lie gold, silver, zinc, copper, uranium, silica. Moores talked about potentially fabulous forest yields and, by 1985, a 300% increase in cod landings. The Lower Churchill Development Corporation is studying hydroelectric development. Iceberg Alley boasts seven or eight oil rigs.

To exploit all this, the province wants, first, to build a year-round port, probably near Goose Bay on Lake Melville; second, to build a highway from Lake Melville in the east to the mining town of Wabush in the west; and, third, to harness the Lower Churchill and thereby attract heavy industry. Already, however, citizens' groups are refusing to give the golden age of Labrador development an unqualified welcome.

ike Martin, former leader of the defunct Labrador Party and now the town clerk at Labrador City, says, "Developers have always come here to put in their own programs without any input from the people, and what happens is usually to the detriment of the people...Mining companies come in here, build a town, extract the ore and, when the ore's gone, the people are left on welfare." By then, for some, it's too late to return to traditional ways of survival. Martin doesn't oppose all development, "only high-pressure development from southern investors who see Labrador as a chance to get rich quick."

The Combined Councils of Labrador Municipalities and the Labrador Resources Advisory Council are citizens' groups that, Martin says, are engaging in "a self-education process to prove to the people of Labrador that we have power to determine our own lives.' Government funds support the LRAC but its chairman, Bill Flowers, says that, "In a lot of cases our advice goes down the drain."

One example: The LRAC opposed Lake Melville as a location for the superport that's crucial to the industrial development strategy. Once again, Flowers felt, industry would lure Labradorians out of their villages, away from traditional skills. And with the ice broken year-round, what about the seals in Lake Melville? What about the



Martin: Labrador must be more than a source

hunt? "Our bias," Flowers says, "lies toward developing the economic base with existing communities by developing the fisheries....We've urged the government to study other areas, like the Strait of Belle Isle, but they've





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#### Resources

ignored us. They're going ahead with Lake Melville."

Industrial Development Minister Ed Maynard says, "We have every intention of developing fishing on the Labrador coast, but we won't let it interfere with industrial development. Nor will we let industrial development interfere with the fisheries." The government says industry must be close to raw materials and hydroelectric power, and that's why it likes Lake Melville.

But the people of Makkovik and Saglek aren't heading for Lake Melville yet. Labrador development is an old story, and Labradorians have learned to be skeptical about what government can do for them, and suspicious about what it can do to them. Still, though government-funded citizens' groups sometimes seem only to strengthen Labrador pessimism, a constructive kind of stubbornness may be setting in. "There's no question development will have a deep impact on the social and cultural life of Labrador,' Martin says. Then, he adds, "But it has to come in on our terms, or it's not coming in at all."



Nain: What'll happen to such outports?

## t want control

ore than 1,000 Inuit live in seven communities in northern Labrador. They've taken stock of what's happening to their land and they don't like what they see. Just as the province has fought Ottawa "to gain

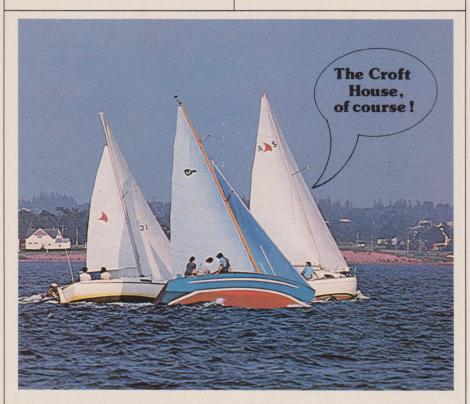
recognition of our right to control offshore oil and gas resources," the Inuit, using a land claim they base on aboriginal rights, fight to gain recognition of their right to control resource development in northern Labrador. The outcome, they know, is the key to their future. It will determine whether they remain wards of Ottawa and St. John's, or can create their own economic and social order.

Members of the Labrador Inuit Association (LIA) went to Scotland in '76 to learn how sudden oil wealth changes a traditional society. They came home discouraged. Brinex is exploring for uranium outside Makkovik and, in '77, an LIA team visited the uranium town of Elliot Lake, Ont., to see what's happened there in recent years. They didn't much like that, either. And the fishery. The northern cod stock and major shrimp beds are on their doorstep. The Inuit know Newfoundland and foreign fishing interests covet the resource, and fear "foreigners" will take over the government-run fish plants. Such concerns make the Inuit press hard for a settlement of a land claim that goes back to '74.

Their statement of claim in March,

1977, had considerable dignity: We are the original occupants of Labrador. We never sold or lost our land by making treaties with any government or by being conquered in a war, and therefore we have the first right or claim to the land. We are a distinct and in many ways a different people. For centuries we have depended on the resources of our land for our survival. Our language, culture and traditions have nourished and sustained us for generations. We are not seeking to restore a dead culture or a way of life because Inuit in Labrador still depend on the resources of the land and sea for their livelihood. We have special status established by Canada's constitution and it is because of our status that we are seeking recognition and a guarantee of our rights to land and control over political, social and economic development.

The Inuit claim includes virtually all land north of Goose Bay. Meanwhile, the Naskapi-Montagnais Innu Association, representing 550 Indians from North West River and 236 from Davis Inlet, has asked for control of an even larger area; and the Micmacs of Conne River have submitted a statement to the feds asking for much of southern and central Newfoundland. The Indians, too, have historic reasons to distrust the white man's plans.



#### The Croft House is the Island Boutique

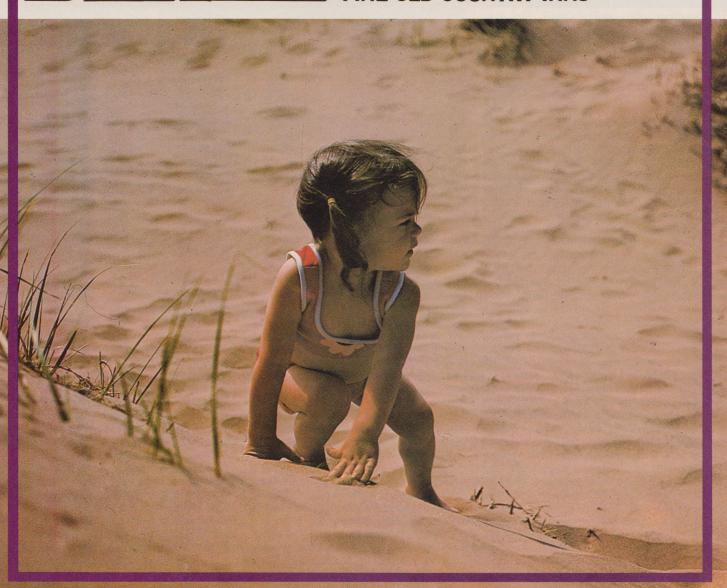
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### **Travel**



#### N.B. TOURISM

## **Great beaches of Atlantic Canada**

Sand, sun, solace, salt water. Sometimes, the water's even warm

ecommending beaches is a loser's game. Some will howl because we didn't list their favorite beach, others because we did. Like anglers, beach-lovers often don't want rude mobs invading their secret tracts of heaven on earth. People we phoned for advice sometimes said, "Sure, I know a fabulous little beach, but I'm sure as heck not going to tell you about it." To the others, those who feel we failed to mention la crème de la crème among east-coast beaches, we plead that, after all, maps of Nova Scotia alone identify more than 160 beaches. And that's just sand beaches. Moreover, it's just the sand beaches that some official thinks are worth publicizing. There are others, hundreds of others. We could publish advice on beaches for a decade, and still not get around to them all.

Our selection is therefore just that: Our Selection.

In New Brunswick, we like the spot on Campobello Island where F.D.R. and his family gathered bright, gleaming stones from the shoreline. It's Herring Cove Beach, a good, clean, mile-long sweep of sand in a provincial park. It attracts both Canadians and Americans but still feels pleasantly off-the-beatentrack, and it's fine for picnics and camping. Back of the seawall, there's a freshwater pond (Lake Glensevern) in which

the Roosevelts loved to bathe.

A suberb N.B. beach district is The Nine-Mile Beach, near Buctouche. It shares the shore with Acadian fishing villages. Lobster is king here, and Buctouche oysters also make royal eating. Though tourists are discovering the beach, it's still possible to walk it for miles without meeting anyone but gulls. The Buctouche Bar, a skinny 15-km key of sand, offers excellent swimming and, at nearby roadside stands, you can get driftwood, souvenirs and fresh shellfish.

Parlee Beach, Shediac, is not far from Moncton on Route 11. If it had high-rise buildings, it would be the herring-choker's own Miami Beach or French Riviera. More than 350,000 people show up each summer and, some days, it's hard to find towel space. Parlee has magic shows, miniature golf, a drive-in movie, a mess of cottages. It has dressing rooms, canteens, a beach supervised by what our always attractive researcher (Roma Senn) describes as "10 usually attractive lifeguards." It also has a hard, sand bottom, the warmest water north of Virginia, and super swimming. Parlee is tacky but fun. It's also part of the social history of summertime New Brunswick.

Youghall Beach, seven km from Bathurst, is clear, calm, warm and,

among locals, the most popular sand beach on the Baie des Chaleurs. **Miscou Island**, way out on the easternmost tip of northern N.B., has beautiful, remote sandy beaches. Good for day-trips by hermits. There's a toll-free ferry from the mainland but, since Miscou is hardly a restaurant centre, pack a picnic.

Prince Edward Island is as famous for its beaches as it is for Anne of Green Gables. The "name" beaches—along Blue Heron Drive in the National Park—include Cavendish, Brackley, Stanhope and Dalvay. The grass-fringed dunes are magnificent, and some beach-wise travellers swear there are no better beaches in the whole world. In summer, the park is therefore crowded. Further east at St. Peters, and elsewhere on the Gulf shore, beaches are often as good as the park's but, happily, so little known you can have a stretch of sand all to yourself.

Nail Pond is at the western tip of the Island, on Lady Slipper Drive. Drive carefully as you approach the beach. Keep your car out of loose sand. There are beautiful dunes here, and sand as fine and white as Cavendish's. And no crowds. Unless you revel in big breakers, beware the rising wind.

At the other end of P.E.I., Panmure Island (which is not an island) boasts a five-km sand spit with a supervised beach and no huge crowds. The water on the inner side is bathtub-warm,



or crowds - Atlantic beaches have it all





though the bottom is mushy. On the outer side the sand is white, powdery, sumptuous. The waves are usually gentle, the water cool but tolerable.

Back in western P.E.I.-16 km west of Alberton on Lady Slipper Drive, and behind the white Anglican Church at Kildare Capes-there's access to mile after mile of empty beach. The sand is red, the water cold, the waves usually small. But at low tide you can explore sea-shaped caves in spectacular sandstone cliffs, and tiny crescents of tideswept sand. You'll find shells, starfish, driftwood for bonfires and, behind the church in late August, blueberries. Kildare Capes is a classic among littleknown beaches and, to get our Island beach-informant to tell us about it, it was necessary to threaten him.

In Nova Scotia, Melmerby Beach, 16 km from New Glasgow, is tops among beaches that have lifeguards, a canteen, boardwalks, picnic tables, tame grass and a sprinkling of local people but few tourists. The bottom is hard sand and, since the water deepens only gradually, it's safe for kids. Moreover, the water is warm-a fact that, in N.S., makes Melmerby a minor miracle. Pictou Island (population: 25) is nine miles off the Northumberland Strait. It has magical beaches but, unless you have a powerful boat, don't risk the

voyage. Crystal Cliffs, in Antigonish Harbour, is a sand beach with clear water. It's chilly but, otherwise, good for swimming.

To reach the sand at Risser's Beach (south of Bridgewater, Route 331, south shore), you walk through a tunnel under the highway. This nicely removes you from the automobile age. Sand dunes slope prettily down to the beach, and boardwalks enable the beachbound to escape prickly grass. Part of a provincial park, the beach has picnic tables, covered barbecue pits, changing huts. The water, until late summer, is nippy.

Point Michaud, on Route 247 in southwestern Cape Breton, has a fine, hard, white beach, 3.2 km long. The scenery is stirring, the sun-bathing peaceful, the picnicking delightful, the water rather cold. Ingonish Beach, at the main entrance to Cape Breton Highlands National Park, has a good sandy beach and, just inland from that, a fresh-water lake. The scenery is superb. Cape Smoky looms to your right, and a big sweep of countryside rolls off to your left. Picnic grounds, eateries and hiking trails are all nearby, and you can buy fresh seafood. On summer weekends, it's crowded. Further up the coast, Black Brook and Neil's Harbour have excellent beaches.

As a location for warm, powdery, white beaches, and ocean water that's warm enough for swimming, Newfoundland and Labrador strike most mainlanders as being as improbable as the moon. The truth is, however, that-from Port aux Basques all the way up to the tip of the northern peninsula—the west coast is a bonanza for beach-lovers. You'll find pockets and crescents of sand, stretches that run for mile after lonely mile, enough loose wood for thousands of bonfires and, each night, the sight of the sun plunging into the sea without a hiss. Choice spots: Picadilly, Port au Port Peninsula, Route 463; Western Brook, Gros Morne National Park, Route 430. The most remote of all the good, accessible sand beaches in the Atlantic region are up on the Strait shore, on the Labrador side of Strait of Belle Isle. You follow 430 to St. Barbe Bay, and grab the ferry for the other side.

In Placentia, Conception, Trinity and Bonavista Bays, there are rare, excellent beaches. The municipal beach at Eastport, near Terra Nova National Park, fulfills the function of a village square on fine, summer days, and the sand is like grey talcum. It's as fine as any you'll find at winter resorts in the Mediterranean or Caribbean, but the scene is deceptive. It lulls you into doing something foolish. Such as flashfreezing your toe by sticking it in the water.

#### **Travel**

## Tip~sheet for seafood bargain~hunters

#### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Albert Dow, owner of Fishermen's Wharf Restaurant, North Rustico, uses only fresh fish, and has no trouble getting it. The full-course fish-and-chips dinner includes eight ounces of cod, and costs \$2.75. Clam chowder is \$1.50. Seafood chowder-with shrimp, cod, clams, and small pieces of lobster-is all of \$1.95. The spot's open from mid-May to mid-October. The J. & R. Seabreeze Canteen, at the wharf in New London, sells an excellent clam chowder for \$1.50; fried clams for \$3.25; and fish and chips, with two chunks of fish, a vegetable, and a hefty load of frenchfries, for \$2.75; The Seabreeze's "Big Eric" is a slice of cheese between two pieces of deep-fried haddock, with tartar sauce in a burger bun. Price: \$1.10. Open all year.

In Summerside, Andy's Sea Foods Restaurant must be good; it's been in business 30 years. The clam chowder is \$1.95; oyster stew, \$2.95; fried smelt or mackerel, \$3.35; fried clams, \$3.95; and fish (two pieces of haddock) and chips, \$2.50. Andy's feeds people yearround. So does the Blue Fin Restaurant in Souris. One Islander told Atlantic Insight the Blue Fin was "The place to go for a really great seafood chowder." The chowder's got lobster, scallops, haddock and clams, and the kitchen adds the milk only at the minute before serving you a bowl, for \$1.95. The Blue Fin also offers fillets of cod, hake or haddock-broiled, baked, steamed or fried-and, with potato, vegetables, rolls and coleslaw, the bill for a dinner is about \$3.95.

Estey's Fish and Chips is at Traveller's Rest, not far from Summerside. George Estey had been running a fish-and-chip spot in New Brunswick for a couple of decades and, last year, he came over to the Island to help his son Paul set up a takeout business. George is 70 and still likes to cook. He and Paul scorn pre-cooking. They use fresh haddock, dipped in batter, and fry it only after you order it. Price: \$2.35 for four pieces of fish and lashings of chips.

No discussion of Island seafood is complete without reference to, yum, Lobster Suppers. Churches, service clubs and municipalities sell them but, alas, they are no longer the fabulous bargains they once were. Depending on the size of your lobster, your supper could cost from \$8.95 to \$9.95, or even

more. Still, your lobster will be big, ocean-juicy, superfresh and, with it, you'll get all the salad, home-baked rolls and dessert you can possibly stomach. Throughout the summer, and into September, you're likely to find regular Lobster Suppers in Howe's Hall, Brackley Beach (call Gordon Mac-Callum, 672-2718); in New Glasgow (call Ralph Dickieson, 964-2870); at St. Ann's Church in Hope River (call Rev. E. Van de Ven); in New London (call the Lion's Club); and in assorted other communities whose Lobster Supper schedules you can best discover by asking around.

#### **NEW BRUNSWICK**

Gould's Fried Clams, 1.5 km east of Shediac, has been dishing up seafood for 32 years. Its specialty is a heaping plate of clams, chips and coleslaw for \$2.50. Another crowd-pleaser is fish (four pieces) and chips, at \$1.80. For \$5.50, you can get either a lobster plate or a dish of shrimps, scallops, clams, fish and lobster. Gould's seats 40, has a takeout service. At breakfast, try the home-made rolls and just-fried donuts.

The Edgewater is at Cocagne (Route 134). An Atlantic Insight agent recommends its "big, tasty, tender clams," They're \$4.25. Fish and chips are \$3.75. Owner Leo-Paul LeBlanc buys his seafood daily and, from his bay windows, seafood trencherpersons get a fine view of Cocagne's harbor. The Edgewater is licensed. McPhail's Lobster Spot is above Cocagne on the road to Buctouche. It's not much to look at but the seafood is cheap, fresh, tasty. You can get a fair-sized lobster here for only \$2.95. A lobster dinner is \$4.50; scallops, chips and salad, \$4.25; clam plate, \$2.60. While gorging, sit at picnic tables and consider the bay. Open May 1 to Nov. 1.

Estey's Fish and Chips, 512 Chaplin Island Road, Newcastle, serves only batter-fried, fresh haddock with chips. A big order costs \$2.50, a small one, \$1.90. For \$2.45, you can pig out on eight chunks of fish, without the fries. Few tourists find Estey's. After all, Chaplin Island Road leads not to a beach but to Heath Steele Mines. Locals, however, know and love Estey's.

Gerald Poulin runs the **Hotel Poulin** in Caraquet, as Poulins have done for three generations. The restaurant has

fine, old furniture and a reputation for good Acadian cooking. It's not one of your cheap seafood joints but neither is it expensive. Depending on the season, you can get mackerel, cod, or a seafood casserole, complete with soup, potatoes, vegetables, and coffee, all for \$4.25. Open all year.

In New Brunswick Inside Out, Colleen Thompson says Ossie's Restaurant on Route 1 between St. George and St. Andrews, "serves excellent fried clams and other seafood"; and that The Birches, on Route 722 near St. George, serves "fresh, juicy and sweet" fried clams. (At press time, Atlantic Insight had failed to reach these spots by phone to confirm they'd be open for business this summer.)

#### NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR

The Aquarium Seafood Restaurant, Duckworth St., St. John's, is a kettle of different fish. For instance, it serves something it calls "the squid-jiggin' ground," which is actually much better than it sounds. It's squid, pan-fried in garlic butter, with Portuguese tomato sauce. \$5.50. For more traditional eastcoast seafood, try the fresh, pan-fried cod, with potatoes and vegetable for \$3.10. Good dining for gourmets. Open all year. Ches's Snacks, Freshwater St., St. John's, is another story. Ches has been in the takeout biz for 27 years. His fish platter, at \$3.00, includes scallops, shrimp, cod, french-fries. Two pieces of cod, deep-fried in batter, with chips, costs \$1.95. Ches has 13 seats at 5 Freshwater St., and eight more next door; if you want, you can eat in. The servings are generous and the fish always fresh in the Captain's Cabin cafeteria, Bowrings department store, Water St., St. John's. With vegetables and potatoes, cod tongues cost \$2.80, baked cod, \$2.95, and fried cod, \$2.80. Open all year, during store hours.

Three km east of Springdale Junction on the Trans-Canada Highway, **Burnt Berry Motel** serves fresh cod for \$3.50, cod tongues for \$3.25, salmon (in season) for \$4.25, and small lobster for \$4.25. **Twin Hill Motel**, Tors Cove, about 50 km from St. John's on the southern shore highway, serves excellent fresh cod, pan-fried or deep-fried. With french-fries and vegetable, it's \$3.25. Cod tongues, at \$3.75, are also popular.

Way over on the other side of Newfoundland, the Grand Bay Motel, Port aux Basques, serves shrimp, scallops, cod, grey sole. A full meal costs \$4.75. In season, the Grand Bay also serves halibut and salmon. Fifteen minutes away by car, at Margaree near Billards Fisheries (owned by Guy Billard) you'll find the Sea Shore Lounge and Restaurant (also owned by Guy Billard). At the Sea Shore, a meal of cod tongues is \$3.00; cod steak, \$3.25; halibut and salmon (in season) \$3.75. For \$3.00, you can also get cod tails fried with salt pork.

Newfoundland's parallel to P.E.I.'s Lobster Supper is the church Garden Party. Sunday evenings in summer both Protestant and Catholic churches run Garden Parties that offer not only a carnival-like atmosphere—with booths and a little, gentle, discreet Christian gambling—but also cod, salmon and

devilishly tantalizing lobster.



## NOVA SCOTIA

Camille's a Halifax institution, is at 2564 Barrington St. in the shadow of the Macdonald Bridge (though it has two other branches in town as well). It offers some of the best seafood bargains in Atlantic Canada. The building is tacky, and the smells from the kitchen pervade the dining room. But dockyard workers and knowledgeable gluttons from farther afield come to Camille's, not for the atmosphere, but for the mighty portions of steaming-hot fresh fish. Fish and chips start at \$1.00. Clams are \$2.25; scallops, \$2.50; shrimp, \$2.75. Big helpings of chips come with each dish. Camille's serves clam, seafood and lobster chowders and, for \$5.00, the Mariner Platter. It includes enough scallops, clams, shrimp,

fish, chips and onion rings for two.

Harris's Quick-N-Tasty, about five km from the Yarmouth ferry terminal, looks like a typical roadside diner; but its food is as good as you'll get at the more famous and elegant Harris' Seafood. (Charles and Clara Harris own them both). At Quick-N-Tasty, the seafood chowder (\$2.00) contains haddock and lobster. Fish and chips (\$3.25) include a big piece of fresh haddock, dipped in cracker crumbs, deepfried. But the most popular dish is probably the hot lobster sandwich, with salad and french-fries (\$5.60).

At the Seamen Bay Restaurant, Tangier, on the eastern shore, owner Graham Ferguson says he doesn't believe in deep-frying everything. He serves pan-fried haddock, with fresh vegetables and home-made coleslaw for \$3.95, and the same dinner with grilled halibut is \$4.95 and a fat lobster sandwich, with french-fries and coleslaw,



Gladee's niece Mary (left), Mary's mum Flossie (right) keep up great food tradition will cost you all of \$3.75.

In Alice, Let's Eat, Calvin Trillin's best-seller about his intercontinental eating adventures, he compliments his wife Alice for her attempts, over five or six summers, to wheedle the recipe for the seafood chowder served at Gladee's Canteen out of the management. Gladee's is about 50 yards from Hirtle's Beach at Upper Kingburg on Nova Scotia's south shore. A hurricane swept away the first Gladee's, which had opened in '51. Gladee herself is 70 now, but she sometimes drops in to see how her niece Mary, Mary's mother Flossie, and Mary's husband Eric Creaser, are making out. Scallop, lobster, haddock and clam chowders all cost the same: \$2.25. Lobster sandwiches, at \$4.00, are popular but Gladee's biggest seller is fish

(haddock) and chips, with coleslaw and rolls or barley bread, at \$2.25. Open June 1 to the Sunday before Labor Day.

For a seafood spot, the **Turkey Burger's** name is improbable. But then so is its telephone manner. *Atlantic Insight* couldn't discover whether the Turkey Burger really sells turkey-burgers, or the price of its seafood, because owner Bert Dauphinee hung up on our researchers. Twice. Oh, well. An agent tells us the fish is good: "Huge portions...huge sea clams my favourite... outrageously cheap prices." The Turkey Burger is five km outside Bridgewater on the road to New Germany, in a trailer converted to seat about 25. Don't bother to phone for a reservation.

At the Evangeline Snack Bar, Grand Pre, Marjorie Stirling makes her chowder with fresh haddock, serves it with hot scones, charges only \$1.35. The Bizee Centre, Blacks Point, 36 km from Halifax on Route 3, serves clam chowder at \$1.75, fish (three pieces) and chips at \$2.75. Kids' portions cost less. Way out at Cape North, on the Cabot Trail in Cape Breton, Morrison's Pioneer Restaurant serves broiled cod or mackerel in the evening and-with soup, vegetable, potatoes and home-made rolls—the price is \$4.95. The chowder is thick. It usually contains cod, salmon, lobster, and costs \$2.75. At lunch, deep-fried scallops or clams are \$4.25. Open mid-May to mid-Oct.

The Cape Breton Development Corporation built four **Chowder Houses** and then sold or leased them to proprietors. The one at Neil's Harbour is typical. Percy Giles owns and runs it. He charges \$2.25 for scallops and shrimps with chips. He serves them with coleslaw, tartar sauce and super teabiscuits. Other Chowder Houses are at Baddeck, Port Morien and Inverness.

Anne Hardy's Where to Eat in Canada, 1978/79 says the Bon E. Lass at Smith's Cove, Digby County, "sticks to what it can do best, which is fish, and keeps its prices to the minimum. Service is quick and cheerful. Ideal for children on holiday." Open June to Labor Day. Hardy also likes Mike's Clams on the south shore near Liverpool because, although Mike MacGowan no longer owns it, "Mike's recipe for the world's best clams appears to have been sold to the new owner." Open April to September.

Since Atlantic Insight gathered the above information before July 1, it cannot guarantee that, in every case, the meal prices quoted will survive till September. For that matter, the restaurant business being what it is, we can't guarantee that every eatery mentioned will survive till September, either. The odds that they will, however, are good and, if the prices vary at all, they won't vary by much.

— The Editors

## Travel

# Last of the fine, old country inns

At 12 spots (in four provinces) you can spend today retreating into yesterday—and eating for all time

### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND



Dalvay By The Sea Hotel, Grand Tracadie, P.E.I., COA 1PO. Proprietor: David R. Thompson, (902) 672-2048. On Route 6, in National Park, a few hundred feet from ocean. Offers ocean bathing, tennis, lawn bowling, driving range, play area for kids and, on Dalvay Lake, gentle boating. Built in 1895 by a Cincinnati millionaire with Scottish roots, the hotel has a baronial entrance hall, sandstone fireplaces that burn three-foot logs. Gourmet magazine has featured the dining room. Its seafood is especially good. Hotel has 26 bedrooms, two cottages. Rates per person (including three meals): \$40, single occupancy; from \$33, double occupancy. Open June 15 to Sept. 15.



Shaw's Hotel, Brackley Beach, P.E.I., COA 2HO. Proprietor: Gordon R. Shaw. (902) 672-2022. Run by Shaws since 1860, this fine inn is a short woodlands walk from one of the Island's most famous beaches, from swimming, sailing, deep-sea fishing, riding. Families return year after year. (For 53 years, one Ottawa family never missed a summer at Shaw's.) Lobster, all fresh fish, and local lamb are popular in the dining room. Rates per person (including breakfast and dinner): \$35 in room with bath, \$30 without bath. In the cottages, for anywhere from two to eight people, rates range from \$30 to \$40 per person (also including breakfast and dinner). Open June 15 to Sept. 15.

### **NOVA SCOTIA**



The Manor Inn, Hebron, Yarmouth, N.S., BOW 1X0. Proprietor: Gordon R. Smith. (902) 742-7841. Seven km from Yarmouth ferry dock. Once the home of Commodore H.H. Raymond: A Yarmouth man who got rich in U.S. shipping, returned, bought farmhouse in '27, fixed it up, made famous flower gardens. Flowers, especially roses, still big at Manor Inn. So are live lobsters and prime ribs of beef. Six guest rooms in main house, three in coach house, 20 motel units facing Doctor's Lake. Rates: \$26, single occupancy; from \$28, double; for the big, elegant Commodore's Room, \$42, single, \$45, double.



Telegraph House, Baddeck, N.S., BOE 1BO. Proprietor: Mrs. Mary Dunlop. (902) 295-9988. Dunlops have run Telegraph House for four generations, and Mrs. Dunlop gladly hands out her 119-year-old recipe for oatcakes. "We try to retain a homey, cosy atmosphere, by furnishing it as a private home,' she says. When Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, came to Baddeck he stayed in Room 1. It is now as it was then, with spool beds and tables. A good eating bet: Steamed scallops in cheese sauce. Rates: For 19 hotel rooms, from \$22 for single occupancy, from \$24 for double occupancy; for 20 motel units, from \$28 for single occupancy, from \$30 for double. Open all year.



Ottawa House By-the-Sea, Parrsboro, N.S., BOM 1SO. Proprietors: Peter and Winnie McCaig. (902) 254-3041. Sir Charles Tupper, bluenose statesman who spent much of his life in Ottawa, used this spot as his summer home. As an inn, it keeps the name he gave it. It offers fresh seafood, berries in season, garden and wild vegetables, rooms with a view of brooding Cape Blomidon, a beach that's a rockhound's delight. A visitor said, "It's the kind of place newcomers feel they've discovered, and out-of-province regulars return to perennially." Has 11 rooms. Rates: From \$10, single occupancy; from \$14, double. Open June 15 to October 15.



Bluenose Lodge, Lunenburg, N.S., BOJ 2CO. Proprietors: Peter and Gisela Von Possel. (902) 634-8851. A 10minute walk from the harbor, this small inn (only four rooms are available this summer) was built by a sea captain more than a century ago. His wife used to watch for his returning ship from the tiny room upstairs. Furnishings at the Bluenose are a blend of old and new. Not only guests but also local people come to the dining room for the homemade rolls from the bakery in the basement, and for the always-fresh seafood. The Lobster Newburg is specially good. So's the fish chowder, made with fresh haddock. Rates: From \$14, single occupancy; from \$16, double. Open all year.

### **NEW BRUNSWICK**



The Marathon Inn, North Head, Grand Manan, N.B., EOG 2MO. Proprietors: Jim, Judy, Fern Leslie. (506) 622-8144. Grand Manan, an island, is perfect for naturalists, rockhounds, bird-watchers, romantics. Reach it by ferry from Blacks Harbour. Retired captain built Marathon Inn (1871). It's got antique furniture, heated pool, tennis, vehicles for rent, and Fern Leslie's home-made bread, rolls, trifle, raisin-and-walnut pie. Her son Jim buys fresh fish at 4 p.m., and it's on the table by 6 p.m. Rates (including breakfast, dinner): from \$28 (\$175 a week), single; From \$25 (\$160 a week), double. Open all year.



Shadow Lawn Hotel, Rothesay, N.B., EOG 2WO. Proprietors: Willie and Jean Ward. (506) 847-7539. "The inn most of us look for but seldom find" has eight quaint rooms, 2½ acres of lawns and trees, convenient access to beaches, tennis, golf and yacht clubs in a pretty village. Built as 19th-century summer house, Shadow Lawn has lace tablecloths in dining room, fine china and silverware, legendary Beef Wellington. Other legend concerns the midnight cry of a ghostly baby, but the Wards have yet to hear it. Rates: \$15, single occupancy; \$20, double occupancy. Open all year.



Rossmount Inn, St. Andrews, N.B., E0G 2XO. Proprietors: George and Marion Brewin. (506) 529-3351. Old, charming, furnished with Victorian antiques. Cooks entrées to order in elegant dining room with high ceiling. Specialties: Fiddlehead soup, fresh fish, beef (aged 21 days in vacuum). Heated pool. Inn is on 87-acre estate, boasts walking trails. One was a 19th-century carriage trail for lady guests, leads to historic Loyalist lookout atop Chamcook Mountain. Has 18 rooms. Rates: From \$24, single occupancy; from \$28, double occupancy.



Marshlands Inn, Sackville, N.B., EOA 3CO. Proprietors: Herbert and Alice Read. (506) 536-0170. Marshlands dates to 1850 as private home, to 1935 as hotel. It is, to other Atlantic inns, what Queen Victoria was to British monarchy. Has sleigh beds, brass beds, a four-poster, general atmosphere of small friendly museum. Hot chocolate, cookies, crackling fire in parlor at night. Big menu, excellent food, much of it grown on property. For breakfast, try old-fashioned oatmeal porridge and kippers. Has 16 rooms. Rates: From \$20, single occupancy; from \$24, double occupancy. Open all year.

### **NEWFOUNDLAND**



The Glynmill Inn, Corner Brook, Nfld., A2H 6E6. Manager: Richard McBurney. (709) 634-5181. Not a small, country inn, but not a big, boring, modern, impersonal hotel, either. In residential area, faces Glynmill Pond. At rear, overlooks beautiful Bay of Islands. Once a staffhouse for International Power and Paper workers, old wing has air of earlier times. Carriage House dining room specializes in lobster, salmon in season, cod year-round. Wine Cellar pushes steak and, not surprisingly, wine. Has 60 rooms and six suites in old section; 30 rooms in the addition Eastern Provincial Airways added in 1977, after buying the place. Rates: From \$26, single occupancy; from \$36, double. Open all year.



Archibald Inn, Harbour Grace, Conception Bay, Nfld., A0A 2MO. Proprietor: Lloyd Archibald. (709) 596-. 5156. Harbour Grace, steeped in Newfoundland history, has a small but good museum. Hotels have sat on the waterfront site of the Archibald for a century. The waterfront fire of 1944 destroyed the first one. In those days, Miss Rose Archibald owned the place. She rebuilt it and, when she died in '73, left it to her nephew, Lloyd. He turned it into the pleasant, unpretentious, nine-room inn it is today. Where to Eat in Canada says the dining-room service is "considerate" and the fish dishes are "always fresh and nicely cooked." Rates per person: \$26, single occupancy; \$32, double. Open all year.

## Calendar

#### **NOVA SCOTIA**

July - The Mulgrave Road Co-Op presents Coady Co-op Show July 1, Sherbrooke; July 4-5, Port Hawkesbury; July 10, Inverness; July 12, Port Hood; July 15, Middle Musquodoboit; July 17, Halifax; July 19, New Glasgow; July 20, Tatamagouche; July 29, Guysborough

July 1 – Puppet Theatre, Chester July 1 - Lobster Festival, Mainà-Dieu, Cape Breton Co.

July 1 - Sept. 7 - Explorations in 19th century handicrafts, Abenaki Motor Inn, Truro

July 2 - Mahone Bay Founder's

Festival, Mahone Bay

July 2 - 14 - Kipawo Showboat Theatre presents Fiddler on the Roof, Wolfville

July 4 - St. John's Down East Garden Party, Truro

July 4 - Gaelic Society of Cape Breton, 10th Anniversary, Sydney

July 6 - 7 - The Pictou Lobster Carnival, Pictou

July 7 - 15 — Antigonish Highland Games, Antigonish

Seafood Festival, July 8 -

Clementsport July 9 - 14 - Parrsboro Old Home

Week, Parrsboro July 12 - 31 - Permanent Collection of the N.S. Designer Craftsmen,

Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax July 13 - 15 - Maritime Country Folk Festival, Oxford

July 14 - Eureka Strawberry Festival, Eureka

July 14 - 15 — Arichat Community

Bazaar, Arichat July 14 - 15 - Lunenburg Craft

Festival, Lunenburg July 15 - 22 - Theatre Arts Festival International, Wolfville

July 15 - 28 — National Multi-cultural Festival: First week—Yar-mouth, Wolfville, Lunenburg, Halifax; second week - Halifax, Truro, Antigonish, Sydney

July 22 - 29 - Margaree Summer Festival, Margaree area

July 28 - Bear River Cherry Carnival, Bear River

July 30 - Halifax Natal Day

#### **NEWFOUNDLAND**

July 1 - 14 — Drawings by Michele Kelly, Annex Gallery, St. John's

July 1 - Sept. 1 — Outdoor Theatre Presentations: Slide show and films, nightly at sundown, Terra Nova

National Park

July 1 - Sept. 1 - Campfires, Newfoundland Song, sing-along. Caplin served in season. Saturdays 9 p.m. to 11 p.m., Terra Nova National Park

July 15 - Aug. 5 - Needle work: Helly Greenacre and Martha Sumey, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

July 15 - Aug. 15 - Film Images,

by Sheila Kunst, Placentia

July 15 - Aug. 15 - Government of Newfoundland: Arts and Letters Show, Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

July 15 - Aug. 15 - Paintings by

Cliff Maracle, Happy Valley

July 15 - Aug. 15 - Paintings: Felicity Redgrave, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

July 15 - Aug. 15 - Photography by Kent Barrett, Arts and Culture

Centre, Stephenville

July 17 - 31 - Theatre Performance, The Storytellers, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

July 18 - Aug. 4 - Ivory Carvings by Jim Troke, Annex Gallery, St.

July 18 - Aug. 4 - Mixed media by Donna Rammo, Annex Gallery, St. John's

July 24 - Children's Folk Singer, Raffi, marking International Year of the Child, Arts and Culture Centre, St.

July 26 - Newfoundland singing group, Breakwater Boys, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

July 27 - 28 - Singer, Red Sovine, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

#### **NEW BRUNSWICK**

July 1 - Canterbury Field Day, Canterbury

July 2 - 4 — Miramichi Folksong Festival, Newcastle

July 4 - 8 - Hospitality Days, Bathurst

July 5 - Armed Forces Day, Chatham

July 5 - 8 - Poutine Festival, St. Antoine

July 6 - 8 - Crab Festival, Le Goulet

July 10 - 15 - Lobster Festival,

July 14 - 15 — International Hydroplane Regatta, Cocagne

July 15 - 22 - Fisheries Festival, Shippegan

July 16 - 22 — Loyalist Days, Saint John

July 17 - 25 - Clam Festival, St. Simon

July 19 - 21 - Doaktown Annual Fair, Doaktown

July 23 - 28 – Woodstock Old Home Week, Woodstock

July 26 – Feast of St. Anne Annual Picnic, Tobique Indian Reserve

July 26 - 28 — Annual St. Anne's Day Celebrations, Big Cove Indian Reserve

July 28 - Acadian Frolic, Cap-Pele

July 28 - Millville Legion Field Day, Millville

July 28 - 29 - Craft Festival, Rothesay

July 29 - Aug. 6 - Brayon Festival, Edmundston

#### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

July 1 - Charlottetown/Pictou Yacht Race

July 6 - 7 - Lady's Slipper Square Dance Jamboree, Summerside

July 6 - 8 - Ladies Amateur Provincial Tournament, Golf Course, Mill River

July 7 - Carleton Day, Carleton July 8 - John Allan Cameron, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

July 12 - Provincial Rose Show, Charlottetown

July 14 – Shediac/Summerside Yacht Race

July 14 - Orwell Corner Strawberry Festival, Orwell Corner

July 15 - Maple Sugar, combination of earthy music and traditional dance, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

July 15 - 21 — Summerside Lobster Carnival and Livestock Exhibition, Summerside

July 19 - 21 — Queens Co. Craft Fair, Confederation Centre, Charlotte-

July 20 - Charlottetown/Shediac Yacht Race

July 20 - 22 - P.E.I. Indian Summer Games, location to be announced

July 22 - Angèle Arsenault, singer/ Confederation musician, Centre, Charlottetown

July 23 - 29 - Potato Blossom Festival, O'Leary

July 26 - 28 - Garden of the Gulf Fiddle and Step Dancing Festival, Montague

July 28 - Belfast Lions' Day Pace,

July 27 - 29 - Emerald Weekend, Emerald

July 29 - Kings Co. Craft Fair, Cardigan

July 29 - St. Ann's Sunday, Lennox Island

July 29 -The Good Brothers, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

# Youth

# **Kids in trouble: Society's triple crime**

hirteen-year-old Tyrone enters his neighbor's new bungalow carrying a crowbar, destroys every piece of furniture and glass in the house and leaves a pile of excrement on the living room floor. The newspapers headline this "senseless vandalism." Tyrone says he did it "for a bit of fun." Mercedes begins to drink at 11, allowing herself to be sexually abused in return for beer. Her father occasionally attempts to keep her home by chaining her to her bed. Between 12 and 15, she faces nine charges: Break and enter, malicious damage, theft, assault. Mercedes says "there's nothing else to do." Fifteenyear-old Lucky breaks into a store for the third time. Intoxicated by drugs and the thrill of theft, he stuffs his pockets with watches, jewelry and money. The next day he gives it all away and takes a drug overdose. "I was fed up with living," he says. "I still am."

Young people like Tyrone

Mercedes and Lucky can be found at schoolyards in suburban Dartmouth, or in downtown St. John's bars. These three, now incarcerated in an Atlantic training school, are there for seemingly meaningless acts which label them delinquent-vandalism, running away, drugs and, for girls, promiscuity. Juvenile delinquency is on the rise. Court appearances by juveniles in Nova Scotia doubled between 1970 and 1975. Five and six-year-olds vandalize homes and authorities can't explain why. Ask a delinquent, and you hear the standard explanation: "A bit of fun, just something to do" in Atlantic communities sorely lacking in recreational facilities. But are such explanations sufficient?

Memorial University professor Elliott Leyton spent two years at Hillview Home, his pseudonym for a training school in Atlantic Canada. He befriended Tyrone, Lucky, Mercedes and other delinquents, studied their backgrounds, watched them with their families and concluded their behavior is not meaningless but a consequence of events society does not understand, and the children cannot speak about. His book, *The Myth of Delinquency*, is an indictment of industrial society.

Leyton has been interviewed about his new book five or six times when we meet in the lounge of his Halifax hotel. Attractive, 40, he has the ease of a man whose business depends on knowing people quickly and intimately. An anthropologist, his interests lie in complex societies and problems, in "the things we do to degrade people at the bottom of society." Four years ago, Leyton wrote *Dying Hard: The Ravages of Industrial Carnage*, a book about the lives of silicosis-struck miners in St. Lawrence, Nfld. His next book will be about schizophrenia: He has just been given permission to enter the Waterford mental hospital in St. John's.

Leyton began studying delinquency with two premises: First, that in an industrial society, there will be people at the bottom "whose daily life is a diet of degradation." And, second, that human beings need a sense of selfworth. In a capitalist society, he contends, money and power are manifestations of this need.

His is a theory of "treble delinquency." Society commits the first offence by creating an "underclass" and denying it any sense of self-esteem. "The poverty, humiliation, and insecurity of the marginally employed constitute society's rejection of its weakest," he says. The first delinquency plants the seed for the second, that of the family. Banished from the mainstream of society, family members soothe themselves with alcohol and drugs, take up religious cults, or turn on their children. (Mercedes' father, a carpenter, survived as a bachelor on an uncertain income of \$400 a month until age 50. Then an affair with a Métis woman led him into marriage, and a family he couldn't support. When tensions erupted, he took out his frustrations on the child whose conception forced him into marriage—Mercedes.)

Family tensions set up Leyton's third delinquency: The child turns his rage against himself. Girls, he says, are more likely to turn their anger inward, attempting suicide or getting sexually involved. Others rebel against parents by continual fighting. Around age 13, the child takes his rage outside the home, and thus begin the assaults on people and property which seem so senseless.

Leyton sees such acts as more than just an explosive way to cope with grief. They're an attempt to shock the family

into accepting the child, but more often they lead to further rejection. When the tensions become too great "the family amputates the withered arm." That's what they did to Sharon. On the day she was admitted to training school, at 14, her parents converted her bedroom into a shop and told her they no longer had a place for her.

Leyton says his book isn't meant to be the final word on delinquency, and he realizes society must be protected. But he puts the problem in a perspective which goes beyond the bounds of traditional psychological or sociological thinking. In the past, society has blamed parents for failing to give affection or guidance to their children, or it has blamed the child for failing to know right from wrong. Leyton contends that the pressures in the social and economic order provide the breeding ground for delinquent acts in the first place. His conclusions are bound to ruffle a few professional feathers. - Sue Calhoun



Leyton: Society commits first offence

# **Sports**

# N.S. comes up fast on the inside track

Not in horse-racing but in dressage, jumping, cross-country events

behind in equestrian sport. Now we're two years behind," Sandra West says. She should know. The 31-year-old native of Lawrencetown, N.S., soon leaves for Ontario to design the courses (both hurdles and track) for the prestige-laden Sutton Horse Show and for the Canadian National Exhibition equestrian arena. Just as Canada has slipped into the driver's seat in international equestrian events, so Nova Scotia is bidding to wrest national leadership from Ontario.

Recent changes in the bluenose equestrian scene warrant this ambitious move: Most glamorous is the influx of outside talent, both human and equine. A new resident of Centreville, in the Annapolis Valley, is John Kerseley. He came to Canada from England 18 months ago to help train the Canadian team, ("with special emphasis on the Ontario members") in his own specialty of combined eventing. It's a three-day course that subjects horse and rider

to trials in all three specialties—dressage, stadium jumping, and cross-country.

Kerseley, 25, has spent much of his life in competition. He worked with Bertie Hall, a famous trainer whose other clientele include Mark Phillips and his wife, Princess Anne. Kerseley was so excited by evidence of competitive potential in Nova Scotia—a province he finds "as much like England as possible"—that he's opened a school for riders.

"I'm not just operating a place that has horses where anyone can ride hack and take a lesson," he cautions. "Basically, we're interested in riders who have their own horses, or horses they've been hired to ride. Our purpose is to prepare these horses and riders for top-flight national competition." His 160-acre farm has indoor and outdoor arenas, cross-country fences, room for 40 horses. Immediately after going into business, he was booked by several Ontario riders, willing to make the 2,000-mile return trip for his expertise.

The past year also brought to Nova Scotia extraordinary hired talent. Rider Matt Epstein of Windsor, N.S., put up the money to buy Stannus d'Avon, a horse who had already proven himself



Talented young riders must be subsidized

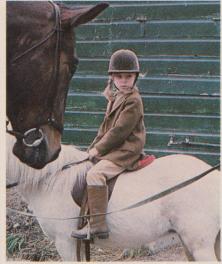
Kerseley: He sees underdog Nova Scotia moving up to national equestrian championship







Epstein: He'd like more "horse patrons"



Local meets ferret out young hopefuls...
...and send best on to tougher trials



in the U.S. and who delighted his new owner by capturing the 1978 Open Zone Championship his first time out in this country. Significantly, he is not ridden by his owner but by "the best in eastern Canada," as Epstein proudly calls local rider Heather MacKenzie.

"Buying, keeping, and competing good horses is enormously expensive," he says. "There are lamentably few with that kind of money who are also really talented riders. Therefore the talent must be subsidized. In the larger centres, this has long been acknowledged as fundamental to the development of talent." As far as Epstein knows, he is the only such "horse patron" in Nova Scotia but, far from coveting the position, he hopes he's started a trend.

Money is the name of the game. The growth of the sport depends not only on private sponsors but also on business contributions, which got a boost when Coca-Cola Canada Ltd. announced it would fund a talent search for the '84 Olympics. A national series of round-robin competitions began in May in Windsor, N.S. They will ferret out young hopefuls and elevate them to the toughest trials. Seventeen eastern finalists from this year's search will compete in Quebec in September for the Coca-Cola Cup, and receive more concentrated training. One finalist will accompany the 1980 Olympic equestrian team to Moscow.

Equestrian organizers see the money-advertising relationship in business sponsorship as vital. More product money attracts better riders, and that means better shows, bigger audiences and wider advertising for the product. Everybody wins. For the first time in years local horse shows, with business donations, are upping prize money and attracting entries from "away." This gives local riders a change of pace from known rivals.

Imported talent, new money, and the interest of worthy opponents suggest Nova Scotia has equestrian talent worth developing. Now, there may be no stopping the likes of designer Sandra West, pro rider Heather Mac-Kenzie, or junior rider Shelley Evans. Evans was on the Canadian Junior Team that recently competed in Cuba. The Canadians won, but the Cubans later scrapped international rules and announced that, under "Cuban rules," Canada had finished fourth.

Cuba's pique stems from jealousy that local riders have, at last, earned. As John Kerseley says, "This time last year in Kentucky, Canada won the World Championship (in combined eventing). They were the underdogs. On a national scale these next few years, Nova Scotia's going to do the same thing."

— Jill Cooper Robinson



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# Heritage

# The Gathering of the Sheep

It's a better name for The Gathering of the Clans

he Gathering of the Clans-in Nova Scotia? Is this history's bitter joke? Here is the story of three Donald Camerons. The first was "the gentle Lochiel," 19th chief of the Camerons of Lochiel, a passionate Jacobite who led 800 Camerons into battle at Culloden. In 40 minutes, English grapeshot destroyed his ankles and his society. Lochiel spent the summer of 1746 hiding in the heather, watching the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers burn his house at Achnacarry, trying to rally the remains of the Highland army which had earlier borne Prince Charles Edward to Derby and shaken the throne of England. Now they were broken. More than 460 of Lochiel's 800 fighting men were dead. In September, the gentle Lochiel abandoned his forfeited lands and, with the Prince, sailed away to exile.

The Highland chief, writes John Prebble—whose trilogy Fire and Sword: The Destruction of the Clans should be required reading in Nova Scotia this absurd Scottish summer—was "a savage man who might speak French and Latin, who could distinguish between a good claret and a bad...who would bargain like an Edinburgh chandler to secure a profitable marriage for his daughter,

who could sell his tenants to the plantations but who would touch his sword at the slightest reflection on his honor."

Technically, the clan lands belonged to the chief, the absolute ruler of his native glen, but he held them on behalf of his people. "If he had the right of life and death over his people, he was equally responsible for their welfare," says Prebble. Clan life was as harsh as it was intimate. Raising his regiment for the 1745 rising, the gentle Lochiel sent his gentle lieutenants to "intimate to all the Camerons that if they did not forthwith go with them they would instantly burn all their houses and (kill) their cattle." Some reluctant soldiers testified that Lochiel himself gently "beat them severely with his whip." Accepted practice, says Prebble. "Within the context of the clan it was the reluctant Cameron who sinned and betrayed his ancestors."

But the gentle Lochiel was at least true to his code and his people. His grandson—Donald Cameron, the 22nd chief of Lochiel—was true to nothing but his own avarice. In 1784 the forfeited estates were returned to the young Lochiel, who was 15, foreigneducated, estranged from his clansmen.

By 1792—The Year of the Sheep—he was deeply in debt. He began to evict his people and to rent or sell the clan lands for sheep farming. In 1793, a thousand men of his district swarmed into the army. Others ended up in hovels on the moors, in Glasgow slums, in the work camps along the Caledonian Canal, in Canada and Australia. And yet, when the 22nd Lochiel died in 1832, he was still buried in debt, and his new house at Achnacarry was only half-finished. His son, Prebble says, "held a banquet to celebrate his accession to the title, but could not find a single tenant of his own name" to attend it.

Young Lochiel was not unique. When the Macdonell chiefs were done, 20,000 of their people were in Canada and none in Glengarry. Between 1801 and 1803, the 24th chief of the Chisholms evicted 5,000 people. Many went to Antigonish, and are there yet. The MacNeils were swept from the isles of Mingulay and Barra. Their descendants live in Cape Breton, at the throat of water still called the Barra Strait. In 1831-32 alone, 124,000 Highlanders boarded festering ships bound for Canada. In 1854, the laird of Strathcarron ordered the eviction of the Rosses from their glen. When 60-odd women resisted, 35 police charged them with batons. Afterwards the blood lay pooled on the ground, and the dogs licked it up.



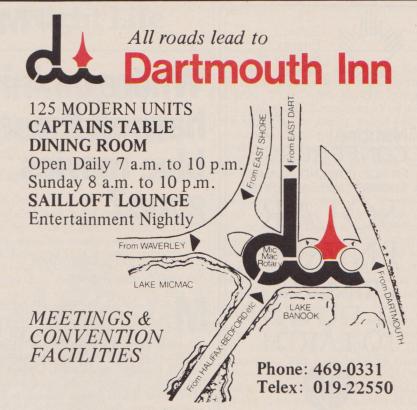
In 1956, Donald Cameron (your humble narrator) thought Billy Fisher eccentric; Billy wore a kilt and took his Scottish heritage seriously. Donald Cameron did not consider himself Scottish, but western Canadian. His Highland heritage amounted to little more than a Harry Lauder song about meeting and treating MacKay. But when Donald Cameron came to Cape Breton, he discovered that his tastes and emotions were surprisingly Scottish. And when official Nova Scotia had touristic orgasms about a Walt Disney fantasy called The International Gathering of the Clans-which would bring Highland chiefs to Nova Scotia-he felt a low, black, Celtic anger.

Why here? Why International? Because the forefathers of these honored guests betrayed our families and scattered them like litter from here to New Zealand and Chile. Whatever we have to say to them should be in the spirit of the ruined men of Golspie, when the second Duke of Sutherland tried to enlist soldiers there for the Crimean War. His father, the first Duke, had begun the infamous Highland clearances, and now the men of Sutherland refused to go to war. "We have no country to fight for," they told him. "You robbed us of our country and gave it to the sheep. Since you have preferred sheep to men, let sheep defend you."

We will rejoice at the fiddles this summer, as we always do. We will step-dance and sing the mournful *Boat Song* of Mingulay. But let us not welcome the chiefs. If there is to be a Gathering in Nova Scotia this summer, let it be a Gathering of the Sheep.

- Silver Donald Cameron





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# Media

# Where have all the blue movies gone?

Atlantic censors killed them... but maybe not forever

arvin Miller is mad. He's head of Marden Film Distributors of Toronto, self-described specialists in "112%" pornography, and one of four main porn-peddling firms facing loss of markets in Atlantic Canada as the result of censor-board crackdowns. "The Nova Scotia board has taken the province back five years," says Marvin Wener of Montreal's Cinepix. Martha Koltai of Steko Motion Pictures Inc., also of Montreal, says, "We're getting used to the situation in English Canada." Marvin Miller says, "The

whole thing really sucks.'

Nova Scotia lost the right to censor films in 1976 when Gerald McNeil, a journalist, took the province to court for banning Last Tango in Paris. The government restricted censors to classifying films. Then the courts upheld a provincial appeal of the McNeil decision and police laid obscenity charges against theatre operators in Sydney and Halifax. The Rocca Group of Saint John, N.B., paid \$500 for showing Hot Nasties in Sydney, and Cinema International Canada Ltd. of Montreal were fined \$2,500 for showing Love Slaves in Halifax. Shortly afterward, Cinema International packed up its operation of the Cove cinema, a hard core porn house, and company executive Jacques Patry cited police action as "part of the reason" for the abrupt departure. Now the Nova Scotia government is reassessing its film policy and Attorney General Harry How sees the possibility of broadened powers for the Amusements Regulation Board. But the province is contemplating action reluctantly. The subject is too controversial to be a vote-getter. "It's an awful problem," sighs How.

Nova Scotia, once rated by porn purveyors as the fourth most liberal province behind Manitoba, British Columbia and Quebec, is now ranked closer to New Brunswick which operates the only other film review agency in the Atlantic provinces. Prince Edward Island relies on the New Brunswick board's decisions while Newfoundland accepts film classifications from either New Brunswick or Nova Scotia. Pornography became an issue in Nova Scotia this year when censors noticed they were stamping 60% to 70% of the films they screened, "Cove Only," guaranteeing that only Halifax's Cove cinema would show them. "Cove Only" films featured non-stop sex, including bestiality, oral-genital stimulation, torture and violence.

There is no doubt a market for pornography exists in Atlantic Canada. Miller of Marden says a sex flick at the Cove grossed about \$5,000 a week, of which \$1,000 flowed to the distributor in rental fees. And more conventional "soft core" films play to big audiences throughout the Atlantic region, in towns like New Glasgow, N.S. "New Glasgow is nuts about sex pictures," says one theatre manager, "You can pack a theatre with a sex picture there quicker than with The Sound of Music." Sackville, a burgeoning young community outside Halifax, also likes soft porn but here too the clamps are coming down as residents complain about use of films at drive-ins where underaged customers can view from afar. Similar complaints have been raised in Sussex, Bathurst and Shediac, N.B.

Many theatre managers will be happy if the Nova Scotia censors tighten up. Bob Simpson, president of the Nova Scotia Theatre Managers Association says, "If they are going to have a censor board, give them the power to do what they want with it or forget it." Theatre operators say they feel more protected from police action if they are showing

censor-approved films.

Many in the film business are betting the vacuum left by Cinema International's departure from Nova Scotia will be unfilled for some time. But there may be a challenger. Miller of Marden is also connected with Canadian Multi-Plex Cinema Systems Ltd., a company that's expanding into revolutionary mini-theatres which make it profitable to run films conventional theatres would refuse. Halifax is a possible site for a two or three mini-cinema complex, one of which he might dedicate to sex pictures-former "Cove stuff." If he does, he'll hang a sign stitched in needlepoint on the premises: The Customer is the Final Censor. "You want to ask me if I'd be willing to take on the police department...the censor board?," says Miller, "You bet your sweet ass!"

— Betsy Chambers

# **Night Life**

# Women are drinking at St. John's Corner Tavern

They gone and ruined the town's last macho bar

t's seven o'clock on a Friday evening and a young woman in a plaid skirt and beige sweater walks into a neighborhood pub for a beer. Her arrival sets things buzzing: She wants to drink at The Corner Tavern, one of the last two "Men only" bars in St. John's. "She's gone, bye, this is it, she's gone," moans a 29-year-old regular at The Corner. "If they let the women in, they're gonna ruin it. It's gone for sure.'

The grey and white wooden structure sits on Hayward Avenue and Fleming St., not far from downtown. It opened in 1949 as the watering hole for men who drove the city's horsedrawn garbage wagons. They called it "The Ashmen's Inn" and quartered their horses and carts in a stable across the street.

Inside and out, it's changed little since the ashmen's day, except for the

addition of dart boards, pinball machines and color television. Behind the bar, there's still the original chute that whisked empty bottles down to the basement. It's a working-man's bar and day or night the regulars swap stories and dish out political opinions to anyone who'll listen, over tots of rum or draughts of beer. Female intruders have been booted out of The Corner for the past two years. Customers with female companions had their drinking privileges suspended, while the regulars breathed a sigh of relief, assured the 30year tradition of all-male patronage would not be changed.

Arguments flare up quickly at The Corner but they're usually as quickly resolved with a handshake and a lively tune on the mouth organ. What the regulars fear is loss of the atmosphere of male conviviality. "This is a man's club and that's it," says Randy Kelly, 32, who shares a table with his three buddies. "You work all day long and you can let off steam here. You tell a few yarns, a few stories, but if you get women in here, no way." He's been sneaking into The Corner since he was 15 "when you could get three beers for 99 cents. Of Randy's three buddies, two

favor admitting women. But 28-year-old Tony Nolan, sees trouble ahead: "If we get into a fight, it's just between men and we can work it out. I'm not down on women-it's just nice to have a place where you can get away from them." The two men stare at the one woman in their midst and, sure enough, fate justifies their fears.

"C'mon and dance, me darlin'" shouts a middle-aged man. "Go 'way," yells another, "she's with me." Tony Nolan says, "Just look, see what trouble she's causing, and there's only one. Imagine if you had a pack of them in.' But the scrap ends with a show of mag-

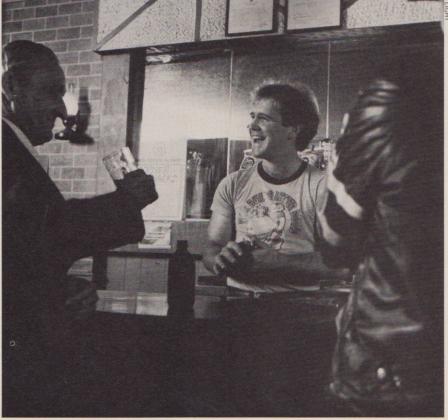
nanimity on both sides. "Go on, you take her," says one combatant. "Naw, bye, you saw her first," replies the other, walking away.

Mike Fanning has managed The Corner, doubling frequently as bartender, since April. He says there are plans to admit women but he wants the change to be gradual. It's a unique place," he says, surveying the brick wallpaper-lined interior, "It can't be changed overnight." A testy patron interrupts to point out three women were drinking at the bar the night be-fore. "Why not?" retorts Fanning. "They're entitled to have a beer too."

The Corner has one washroom and it's for men. Women who come in have to take their chances, says John Cook, one of The Corner's three owners. The tavern's not going to encourage them. Why should it, as long as it's making money? "We'll change if business

warrants it," he says.

Cook has an interest in three other St. John's bars: Ben's, a hangout frequented by the university post-graduate crowd; Uncle Albert's, a downtown maze of mirrors and stained glass, and The Rob Roy, a basement pub with rough-hewn benches, tables and folk music. For a while there were rumors he'd turn The Corner into a disco but Cook says no. Corner regulars aren't so easily reassured, however, and there are gloomy predictions of the end of a St. John's drinking era. "It's all over now," mourns one drinker, addressing his brew. "They gone and ruined her." - Elizabeth Haines



"You tell a few yarns, a few stories, but if you get women in here, no way"

# Food

# A picnic fit for a king

Philip Salmon of Fredericton honors the Edwardian era with the complete outdoor feast

By Colleen Thompson

hen Edward VII visited Fredericton in 1860 as the young Prince of Wales, they say he danced till dawn with starry-eyed New Brunswick maidens. And he did love picnics. So does Philip Salmon, designer, gourmet cook and admirer of the Edwardian era. (Pictures of Edward's wife and children adorn the walls of his Fredericton apartment.) Philip traces his obsession with Edward VII back to his native Manchester where, he says, Edwardian influence still prevails. As a diabetic, he became interested in the nutritional qualities of what he ate. Cooking also provided an outlet for his designer's need to create attractive dishes and unusual settings for food.

Like the Edwardians, Philip thinks picnics should be done up with style. "What's the point in going to the beach and buying a hot dog," he asks, "when with a little effort you can recreate a scene from history, which makes the whole thing slightly mad, elegant and informative?" He admits you don't really need costumes, but they do add to the atmosphere. He rented Edwardian togs for himself and friends from Theatre New Brunswick. You could also create your own.

It's the food, mood and surroundings that make for a splendid picnic. You need a setting of elegance, such as the grassy riverbank near Fredericton's Christ Church Cathedral, with its Gothic spires and arch of graceful elms. Your banquet needn't cost a king's ransom, though. If you can't find rock cornish hens, Philip advises, you can use broilers. Royally Stuffed Onions add patrician splendor to a plebian vegetable. Dress it up with pheasant feathers and a tapestry table cloth and have plenty of chilled wine. (Edward's favorite was a dry white.)

Philip is no stranger to acting the king. He once spent 18 months at the Buttery Theatre Restaurant in Niagara-on-the-Lake, playing Henry VIII at a gargantuan banquet four nights a week. When his girth began to resemble Henry's he left for Fredericton, where he supervises public relations and graphic design for the theatre. Though he sometimes wears a button in mourning for Queen Victoria and laments the

passing of the age of elegance, his own design for picnicking in style attests that, in the hearts of believers, the Edwardian spirit still lives.

### Philip's Fowl

Choose small broilers (or rock cornish hens). Place in open pan in oven. Baste with mixture of melted butter, paprika (3 tbsp. butter to 1 tsp. of paprika). Bake 30 to 45 min., turning constantly and basting. (Short cooking time keeps meat adhering to bones for easy picnic eating.) Final basting: More melted butter, paprika, herbs of your choice (tarragon, oregano, basil). Broil for few minutes, turning for even browning. Drain off fat and pack.

#### **Royally Stuffed Onions**

2 large Spanish onions

Remove outer skin and cut thick slice from top. Steam (hole down) in ½ cup water, covered, until tender enough to eat but not falling apart. Saute:

1½ cup mushrooms

1 cup chopped fresh parsley

1½ tbsp. fine bread crumbs a few chopped cashew nuts salt and savoury to taste

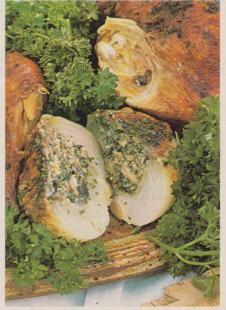
Stuff onions with mixture, packing well. Cover tops with grated cheshire cheese and broil until melted.

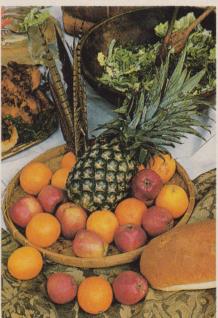
#### King's Bread

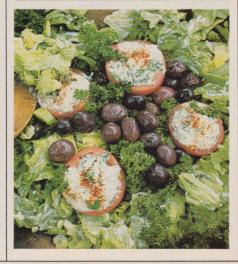
- 1 pkg. dry yeast
- 4 cup lukewarm water plus 1 tsp. sugar
- 4 cups liquid
- 3 tbsp. sugar
- 1½ tsp. salt
- shortening (size of an egg)
- 3½ cups whole wheat flour
- 4-5 cups white flour (or more if needed)

½ cup commeal

Soften yeast in lukewarm water plus sugar. Scald 4 cups liquid, add sugar, salt, shortening, cornmeal and 2 cups white flour. Beat until smooth. Add flour as required to knead into easily handled dough. Let rise in lightly greased bowl. Knead down twice. Shape into loaves, allow to rise until double in size. Bake in hot oven (400-425° F.) for 35 to 40 min.









# **Dalton Camp's column**

# An unfond farewell to the Tuna Cup farce

What embarrassment will we launch next to bemuse the almighty tourist?

ot until we have an annual Fiddlehead Festival in Jemseg, N.B., will I cease to mourn the passing of the Nova Scotia International Tuna Cup Match. And perhaps not even then. It was Atlantic Canada's premier tourist promotion event, and I became a member of its board of directors at just about the time the tuna were beginning to win. Every summer, since living memory began, fishermen representing various national teams, put out in their boats from Wedgeport to churn the waters for tuna: The National team boating the heaviest catch to win the Nova Scotia International Tuna Cup Match cup, awarded at a banquet in Yarmouth's old Grand Hotel.

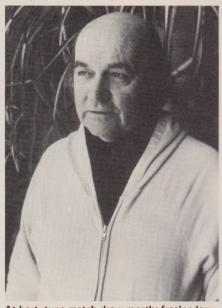
During my years on the board, circa 1964-70, we met each spring in New York to plan for the annual event. Following a discussion of the prospects for team representation—there would always be a Canadian and an American team, then Mexican, British, or French ones—the talk soon got down to the basic question: What to do about the drear fact there were no more tuna?

Tuna fishing, at the best of times, is not a spectator sport, but the government of Nova Scotia, which financed the tournament, measured the success of the enterprise not by counting spectators, or even the fish, but by measuring the column inches of free editorial coverage of the event in the North American media. It continued to do so even when the few spectators came to outnumber the tuna, and the match became one of North America's most notable non-events. The government's investment was nonetheless deemed justified merely by the fact that the media would at least yield up a few column inches of coverage of a tournament where nothing happened, like a hockey game to which no one had thought to bring a puck.

What Nova Scotia had on its hands was a kind of Loto Tuna. Where once there had been suspense as to which team would catch the most tuna by aggregate weight, the event became only an anxious watch to see if any team would boat even one. Since scarcity begets politics, politics soon enough outweighed the fish: Even when it was

evident there were better prospects for tuna off Cape St. Mary's than out of Wedgeport, the teams continued to sail out of Wedgeport, on some Solomon-like alternating arrangement. It seemed more prudent to troll where the fish were not than offer offence where the voters were.

To compound matters, there was the further threat of losing the presumed value of the match to-perish the thought-another province. In New



At best, tuna match drew mostly freeloaders

Brunswick, attempts were being made to establish tuna fishing as a tourist draw around Grand Manan and, more successfully, in the Bay of Chaleur. Prince Edward Island was getting into the act too, while in Newfoundland, tuna were reported leaping into the boats of rank novices fishing out of St. John's. Meanwhile, icthyologists offered little reassurance that the tuna would ever return to the old grounds. Thus, Nova Scotia had everything—the cup, the tradition, an active committee, willing teams, and years of expertise. Everything, that is, but the tuna.

When the government changed in Nova Scotia, in 1970, I was just another victim of the Liberal hordes hungry for the spoils of office. Well, not exactly that. Though I did not formally resign my directorship, I wasn't invited to any

more meetings of the Nova Scotia International Tuna Cup Match board either. Gerry Regan never phoned. Six years, and even fewer tuna, later, Nova Scotia finally followed the advice I had vainly whispered into the ears of preceeding governments: It threw in the towel.

Even in the years when the tuna had been co-operative, the match appealed only to a handful of sports fishermen, a coterie of freeloaders, and relatives. Media enthusiasm became increasingly restrained. And when the tuna withdrew, the match became a thundering bore. After three feckless, fishless days, year after year, the ennui grew thicker than a south shore fog. A Pachyderm Trappers Convention in Musquodoboit would not only have been more fun, it would have made more sense. So, too, I suppose, would a Chokecherry Festival, or Benedict Arnold Days, or a Ragweed Festival, or whatever else someone might think up to slow the passing of tourists through town.

Astranger to these parts must wonder what we do in the winter. Quite likely, if he were told that we toil like busy gnomes, mending parade floats, oiling ferris wheels, and patching princess costumes, he'd find it credible. It has reached the point where one can say that only when the tourists depart do we become ourselves again. We stop promoting and exploiting, and resume living. I am not the only one around who feels better, somehow, when the tourists leave, after Labor Day, not because we do not welcome or want them around, but because we are weary of the summer's hype.

The difficulty with a tourist industry based on numbers, in which the only measure of success is volume, is that it comes increasingly to resemble its market, in which we do not promote what we are, but rather whatever someone else would like us to be. The next step in this progression comes when we cease offering tourists what we have in order to give them what they want.

At the end of that road lies Disney-land East, an Eiffel Tower in Moncton, and a casino on Partridge Island. I am, you might say, a reactionary about tourism: Nothing ought to be said or done in the name of tourism that vulgarizes our natural selves or corrupts our social values. If rare scenery, genuine hospitality, and a special way of life are not enough, then so be it. If the tourists, like the tuna, fail to show up some summer, we'll just have to tough it out.

Music for Everything
You do.

C 100 PM HALIFAX. NOVA SCOTIA

# Crafts

# The hands remember

A photo-essay by Peter Barss on disappearing skills

hese photographs are a monument to dying customs. In the small towns of Atlantic Canada there was a time in which dozens of men and women had separate skills that, taken together, were essential to the well-being of the whole village. They were craftsmen and craftswomen but there was nothing artsy-craftsy about their work. Making quilts, barrels, buckets, horseshoes, rakes, axe handles and the other implements of daily survival was a matter of just that: Survival. Assembly lines, technological advance, the age of plastic and factory-made ugliness have made the patience, skill and loving care of many of these people obsolete. But the hands remember, and they keep on doing what they've always done best.

The photographer is Peter Barss. He's an American by birth, a Nova Scotian by choice, an artist who brings to his craft all the painstaking manipulation and respect for his material that

his subjects bring to theirs. Barss is from Massachusetts but his great-great-grand-father was Captain Joseph Barss of Lunenburg County, master of a notorious privateer called *The Liverpool Packet*. Peter, a schoolteacher in New England, had spent childhood summers at a spot his parents owned in the La Have Islands off Nova Scotia's south shore; and in 1972 he, his wife Myra (a New York girl), and their two children settled on the shore for good.

Off and on, Peter spent more than a year making 30 portraits (from which Atlantic Insight has selected the ones on these pages) of the last of the old-time craftsmen. The complete set, along with such real samples of craftsmanship as a 14-foot canoe, is travelling to assorted National Exhibition Centres under the title Older Ways: Traditional Nova Scotian Craftsmen. Joleen Gordon of Dartmouth, N.S., helped co-ordinate the show, and she and Myra Barss transcribed Peter's tape-recorded interviews

with the craftsmen. One of them, an active blacksmith, was 95.

Barss used a tripod and, partly to show motion by blurring the hands of the craftsmen, his exposure times were slow, from one-fifteenth of a second to two seconds. He used a twin-lens reflex Mamiya camera, which gives 2¼-inch negatives, and Tri-X (ASA 400) film. "Before taking the photographs," Barss says, "I like to sit down and get to know the person. Maybe have a cup of tea. Then I set up a date. It takes me an average of four hours actually to take the photograph. Then maybe I'll go back and do it over...working with the negative is a process of refinement. I'm constantly amazed at how much a negative can be refined. I spend about an hour choosing the negative, and then I expose 12 to 15 different lengths of time. If I get a print that satisfies me in eight hours, that's fast." But, of course, making anything that's worth making has always taken a lot of time.



#### Jane Hiltz, 65 - Braided hats

"Braiding hats was the only means they had of making hats back in the 1880s, they tell me. Father used to gather the grain, the children would do the braiding and the mother would sew the hat together...it was a family project. Wooden hats was what they used for their Sunday hats, where the straw and the rush was used more for gardening and out in the field. There was an old lady who made hats and I said to her, 'Mrs. Veinot, would you mind me comin' up one day and watching you so I could do it too?' She said she would be delighted and she learned me how to do the braids. I give them away...to

friends and to my children. It's the feeling of giving them something that you can't buy in the store...If someone comes along an' says, 'I'd like to learn that,' I like to show them. If someone young learns it probably the craft will stay...this is the way Mrs. Veinot felt when she learned me how to do it. I was a bit younger than she was an' I'll keep it goin' a little while yet."

#### Sam Herman, 76 - Hay rakes

"Store-bought rakes—them goddam things! Them things! I wouldn't mix mine among 'em. So much junk that's no good. I learned to make rakes a long while ago in my young days. I seen my

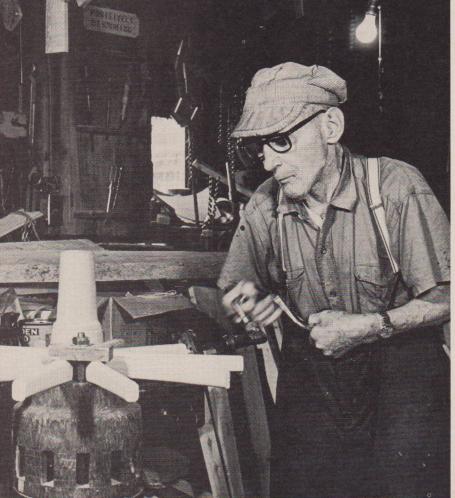
uncle make 'em...and, boys, I didn't say nothin' to nobody. I thought to myself, 'I'm goin' to try that.' An' I did an' I done it. Learnt it out of my own head, how to make 'em. More I made, the more I seen how to do it. That's the best kind of learnin' you can get. Do it yourself. By God, at one time that's all we had to rake hay with. No rakin' machines around at that time. Sometimes the whole family would go out an' rake up a big piece o' hay field. Rake it up in windrows-that's what we called 'em-windrows. By God we'd clean up a lot o' hay with hand rakes. We thought nothin' of it one time. If people had to go at it with hand rakes today they'd go wild!"



# Crafts











#### Grace Russell, 73 - Quilts

"The first quilts I made was the crazy work ones, crazy work or patchwork. You don't have to have a pattern -just use rags an' whatever old scraps you have layin' around from sewing. Mum...she always made quilts. An' my sisters, they could all make 'em. We used to have quiltin' parties too. Invite a lot o' women...all quiltin' on the quilt. Then have a big supper. Oh, it was a lot o' fun. Now most of the quilts I get made I give away. I have eight children an' I gave each one o' them one when they were married...then I gave each of them one for Christmas presents. Then when their babies came... a baby quilt. Then you see, that quilt gets handed down...it would last right through for all o' them. Giving them to my children and my grandchildren... that's my pleasure. I enjoy that."

#### Arthur Ernst, 85 - Wheelwright

"I started off wit' my father makin' wagons for oxen an' horses...everybody had a horse or a team of oxen. An' then in the summertime we went out to build saw mills in the woods...yes sir, start right from scratch an' build the whole darn thing. Why we even built the wheels that run the machinery. All them mills is gone now. I can still make most anythin' that comes along. I don't think there's many men that can stand next to me in that way. No sir! An' as far as I know, for miles an' miles around, I'm the last wheelwright. After I'm gone there's nobody around to take up this business at all. I'm tryin' to work 12 hours a day an' it tuckers me out some ...an' you know, it's funny when I'm sleepin', I dream about my work. Dream about the things that puzzle me. Funny ain't it?'

#### Carl Bush, 73 - Fish nets

"Well, when I learnt to knit nets, it was years ago. I was only 10 years old. My uncle, he taught me how to make 'em. He used to go out to Cape La Have to be nearer to the fishin' waters. He had a shanty out there. He learnt me to knit nets. An' in the evenin's we'd mend the nets that was tore. 'Course now no one makes his own nets-they're all nylon now, made onto machines. One night I was out here last winter an' I was mending an' at three o'clock I fell asleep. An' when I woke up, I had my needle in my hand an' my other hand had a'hold the net. It was 5:30 when I woke up. Yes sir, I've rigged a good many nets. Now I rigged 10 nets for Dawson Baker. 'Why,' says, 'you certainly done some job on my nets. The way they're hung-if them don't fish, nothin' will.' There's lots o' fellers around that can't do itcan't sit down an' rig nets or mend nets. like I do."







## Crafts

#### David Wile, 81 - Axe handles

"Grew up on a farm. My father went blind and sick. When I was 12 years old, he took me out of school an' I was put to work...they used to mow with a one horse mowin' machine. Sent me on the mowin' machine. At them times, when a boy was pretty well growed up, he went to work. An' there was no foolin' about it! In what spare time I had, I was always chippin' at somethin'. That's how I come to make these handles...made all the handles we used on the farm. You learn things... you look for the best way to do it. I remember one time I was workin' at a piece o' wood-cut my thumb pretty well off. Yes! After that, I learned to

keep my fingers off the end of the wood. Well, you don't forget it when you learn the hard way. A feller over here...well, he went an' bought a couple handles from me a year or two ago. Paid me for 'em. An' he was a carpenter! Had a big chest full o' tools. Now what was them tools for?"

#### Wilson Sarty, 73 - Snowshoes

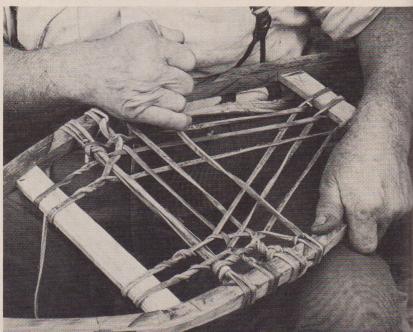
"It's more to makin' snowshoes than meets the eye. It don't look like much work, but it's really quite a job. The best frame you can get is to cut your own wood—ash, oak...a good hard wood. Now the lacin'...some people lace 'em in nylon an' some kind of fishin' line, but I like the rawhide. I

don't know if it's really superior to some o' the modern lacin's or not, but it's the old Indian tradition an' that's what I like to follow. The first pair... took me about six months to get the hang of it. Sometimes, when I was first started, I would have a snowshoe almost complete an' I made a mistake. Then-if I wanted to make a good job of it-I'd have to take the whole lacin' out an' start again. There'd be some bad words flyin' around for a while! I often think that once I make a perfect pair o' snowshoes-one that suits me-I don't think maybe I'll make another one. I haven't made a perfect pair yet-not to my way o' thinkin'."









# **Opinion**

# **CFA** means "Come From Away"

So special is the position of outsiders in Newfoundland that local people have a phrase just to describe them: Come From Away (CFA). Freelance journalist and CFA Cheryl Ray, a Saskatchewan native, recently ended a three-year stint in Canada's easternmost province. Here's her assessment of what its like living as one of the aliens.

e wouldn't have made it without Paul Mercer. He's a Newfoundlander who took many CFAs under his wing, coaching us, laughing at our faux pas and analysing our tribulations with bemusement and tolerance. Eventually he went off to New York to marry a CFA and left the rest of us behind to fend for ourselves. I remember asking him once what rules of etiquette the CFA should follow in order to stay out of trouble. "Don't complain," he said.

Complaining is a problem. When I had been in St. John's a year, I used to enjoy saying that CFAs aren't allowed to complain about the weather without getting jumped on by a paranoid Newfoundland chauvinist. After a while though I began to notice what a pain we are about the weather, and about a lot of other things too. We faint when a restaurant serves instant coffee. We are shocked when the repairman has to wait months for our washing machine parts to arrive. And we're horrified when vegetables appear in the supermarket wilted and tasteless. Mercer assured me that Newfoundlanders complain about these things too. They just won't tolerate the ravings of an outsider.

Like any minority group, CFAs are made all the more unpopular by their visibility. They dress different. They have nicer suntans. And on top of these deviations, there is the sheer weight of numbers. The university is crawling with CFAs and so are the medical profession, civil service, media and artistic community. Statistics confirm that most immigrants come to take jobs in the professions. As folks gear up for the offshore oil onslaught, it's quite clear that most of the research and executive jobs are going to CFAs. Even historically CFAs have a soiled reputation. When the Americans had bases in Newfoundland, they made themselves very unpopular with their

loutish behavior, and legend has it that some bars in St. John's posted No Americans Allowed signs in response.

Regardless of the gulf between themselves and the natives, all CFAs come into the province convinced they will have some special link with Newfoundlanders. I've watched Saskatchewan farmers try in vain to establish a connection with the locals by way of their mutual tribulations with the central government. I've watched Prince Edward Islanders try to resist the notion that they are "from the mainland." I have even watched an American insist, in spite of staggering evidence to the contrary, that while Newfoundlanders might dislike CFAs in general, they are really quite fond of Americans.

The most sorry CFA of all is the one who falls in love with Newfoundland. This poor fool buys the local art (with a preference for paintings with flakes and stages in them), supports the local theatre, reads the local books and peppers his speech with Newfoundland dialect. He is convinced that love will find a way and is hurt and baffled when

his efforts are rejected. What you learn after a while is that no response to Newfoundland is appropriate. All responses are suspect. It is unpopular to romanticize the place. It's considered ludicrous to study it in an academic way. It is deemed an outrage to suggest that things should be different. Take poor Farley Mowat, for instance. He started out loving Newfoundlanders madly, seeing them as the fulfilment of a saintly and impossible ideal. Then came the Burgeo incident: A small band of thugs slowly and torturously slaughtered a stranded whale, and Mowat focused worldwide attention on the event. The people of Burgeo formed a united front against him, and before long, Mowat and his wife cleared out. Eventually he wrote of his experience in A Whale for the Killing. Writes satirist Ray Guy of Mowat's altered perceptions about New-foundlanders: "When he finally dis-covered that on moderate Sabbath afternoons they could also act like crazed animals, it was a nasty bump to him. Now he's gone overboard in the other direction.'

Stereotyping is the main reason for hostility between CFAs and Newfoundlanders. Newfoundlanders resent insensitive stereotypes from outsiders, and hard-core chauvinists retaliate by stereotyping CFAs as loud-mouthed, arrogant buffoons with nothing important to offer. It's the flip side of the Newfie joke and it's just as hard to rise above.

It would be hysterical to suggest



that nothing friendly or rewarding ever occurs between CFAs and Newfoundlanders. Many warm and enduring friendships evolve and there are even a number of mixed marriages. But a lot of potential for exchange is lost as the two groups write each other off in a crossfire

of meaningless stereotypes.

CFAs respond to the sense of alienation in the same way Newfoundlanders do in Toronto: They hang out together in their own version of the Caribou Club. This is not necessarily a dreary exercise because CFAs come to Newfoundland from a rich panorama of backgrounds. The way they collide with each other, and with Newfoundlanders, makes a mockery out of the popular belief that Newfoundland is a laid-back, relaxed sort of place. I'm not sorry to leave. I'm looking forward to a quiet life somewhere, with a slower pace.

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# **Theatre**

# **New choices on the Mulgrave Road**

Guysborough's troubadours sing the history of eastern N.S.

obbie O'Neill turns his back to the audience at the Pub in Sydney, and the youthful bard from Guysborough dons a cap, exhales and slowly turns into an old man. In the character of Earl, he sits before us giving improvised instruction on how to get to Mulgrave from here. "Not that anyone was planning on going, mind you, since the causeway sort of took it right off the map. But it's still on the road-highway 344-the Mulgrave Road." Earl remembers the poet Charles Bruce who composed a poem of the same name. Co-founders of the Mulgrave Road Coop, Michael Fahey on guitar and Gay Hauser, join O'Neill and the three troubadours bring to life a voice of the coast:

If they stay they stay, if they go

they go;

On the Mulgrave Road it's a choice you make.

There's an axe in the stump and a fork in the row,

Or a bag to pack and a train to take.

Their home is Guysborough County, but the magnetic Mulgrave Road Co-op is a provincial attraction. This season, sponsors from Sydney to Yarmouth will pay the Co-op up to \$500 a performance. The Canada Council gave the company its first theatre grant—\$5,000—this year after they had appeared at the Council's "Contact East" in Moncton as Nova Scotia's official representative. Even Nova Scotia Recreation Department's theatre officer Michael Ardenne, who attended opening night of The Mulgrave Road Show two years ago and criticized lighting, makeup and staging in a two-hour session which, according to O'Neill, "nearly ended in a fist fight," sent a telegram backstage in Moncton: "You did yourself right proud."

Last summer the Co-op took on the issue of the 1971 fish plant strike at Canso. They rented a large house, hired another actress, and the resulting musical play—Let's Play Fish—bore the hallmark of the Co-op's style: Brief character sketches peppered by a touch of the absurd and held together by song. O'Neill admits to being greatly influenced by the old Cape Breton comedy team of Hughie and Allen. "They'd play two guys who you knew both knew the same sorts of things, but they'd talk to each other as if the other

one didn't know. They'd pull stunts, too. When parking meters were first installed in Sydney, they'd drive up to one in an old wagon pulled by a team of horses, tie them to the meter and sing a little song—'Put a penny in the parking meter. Put a nickel if you're gonna stay later'."

The collective creation format of the Mulgrave Road Co-op hangs on its most slender thread when the time comes to synthesize character studies, anecdotes and song into a unified production. As Michael Fahey says, "When four actors are working together, groping, and sharing ideas, it's crazy and chaotic." Although the Co-op seems to thrive on the diet, O'Neill says, "When you only have six weeks to prepare for

desire for a paycheck, and that's hard to find in theatre, as elsewhere. The Canada Council grant will allow the Coop to hire playwright Chris Heide, coordinator of the Dramatists' Co-op of Nova Scotia, to work in research and composition of this summer's production on the life, times and influence of Father Moses Coady, creator of the cooperative movement in eastern Nova Scotia. They'll also add a director, another actress and a fiddler. It's better than pre-grant days but it's not wealth. "You can just get by, doing theatre in Guysborough County," says O'Neill, "but just getting by is what everyone's trying to do here. You need a lot of country cunning, and you can't afford to be too artsy. In Toronto, you can't afford to be anything else."

It also has its unique rewards.



O'Neill (left), Gay Hauser, and others with "the country cunning" to sustain unique theatre

a production, and you're trying to express the focus—that's when you need a director. It's a delicate art. It's the art of orchestration, letting the actors go, watching them and working from there." Both Fahey and O'Neill had previous experience in play development at Theatre Passe Muraille in Toronto.

A far cry from the tinsel and clownwhite makeup are the evenings of local research which take the Co-op to kitchens anywhere in Guysborough County, from Boylston to Coddles' Harbour. It takes commitment more than just the Michael Fahey recalls the opening night of the Mulgrave Road Show in Guysborough town in 1977: "We could hardly get through the Guysborough County Railroad scene—people were jumping up after every verse, applauding and wanting us to sing it again." The Guysborough County Railroad, "the railroad without any trains," was political bait in the county for over 25 years. After the show Fahey "had this incredible feeling of fitting into the community; as an actor, I was relevant to them." Obviously Guysborough thinks so too.

- Anne Keenan

# **Books**

# Gazzard about guddle and other Scottish words

Chambers Scots Dictionary, W. & R. Chambers, \$16.25

The day began badly with Slios. You don't know about Slios? Neither did I. When I found it in an article about The Gathering of the Clans, I dashed to my new Chambers Scots Dictionary. Skunked. Nothing betwixt Slint ("a slovenly, untidy, awkward man") and Slip ("a delicate, slender person"). Slios notwithstanding, Scots do seem to come in all shapes, sizes and conditions. Consider the Slink, who is either "a tall, limber person" or "a weak, starved creature." You pays your money....

In fact, the Scots do not come out at all well in *Chambers Scots Dictionary*. On a typical page, they seem much addicted to malt whisky, which they call variously *John Barley*, *John Barley-corn*, *Johnie Barley*, *Johnny Maut*, and just plain *Johnny*. They are big on capital punishment: *Jocky-Ketch* ("a hangman"); *Johnny Ged's hole* ("a grave-digger"); *Johnny Pyot's term-day* ("the day after the Day of Judgment"); and *Johnstone's ribband* ("a halter for

hanging a criminal").

Some Scots are hen-pecked: John Thomson's man is "a husband who yields to his wife's influence." Others eat badly. A *Jolster* is "a quantity of ill-prepared victuals" and *Joot* is "sour or dead liquor." Nor is healthy living a strong suit among the Scots. A Jordan, for instance, is either "a chamber pot," or "a urinal," or simply "an open cesspool." A Jordeloo is "a warning cry formerly given by servants in the higher stories of Edinburgh houses when about to throw dirty water, etc. (a little lateblooming modesty by Chambers here) into the streets." Scots can't even walk without hearing the odd Jorg ("the noise of shoes when full of water") and, worse, the odd *Jorgle* ("the noise of broken bones grating"). Could anyone blame such a sad folk for letting loose now and again with a Jorram ("a slow and melancholy boat-song")?

The new Chambers Scots Dictionary is actually a reprint of the 1911 edition. Its purpose is to serve as "a glossary for Ramsay, Fergusson, Burns, Scott, Galt, minor poets, kailyard novelists, and a host of other writers of

the Scottish tongue." A Kailyard incidentally, is "a kitchen-garden; a small cottage garden." A kailyard novel must be something of a cross between Your Maritime Gardener and a Harlequin romance, with a touch of "Annie Laurie." As you might guess, this dictionary is a perfect companion piece to The Oxford Book of Scottish Verse or the Collected Works of Burns.

But for all you Sassenach Mozies who don't know a kailyard from a hole in the ground, the book's chief delight is browsing. It's as addictive as peanuts because the language is so rich in both sound and meaning. One longs to command, "Stop your gazzard

(gossip")!

Bits of the whole of Scottish history are here. In the field of religious history there's Killing-times ("the times immediately preceding the revolution of 1688, during which the Covenanters suffered"). In domestic history, Holiepie-thingies ("patterns of sewing and knitting"). In legal history, Terce ("a widow's right to a life-rent of one-third of her deceased husband's heritage"). In economic history, "Dear year ("a year of great scarcity in the beginning of the 19th century").

But mostly the words commem-

But mostly the words commemorate lost ways of living, feeling and thinking. Why do we no longer *Guddle* ("to catch trout by groping with the hands under the stones or banks of a stream")? When did you last see a



Godfrey is a "gaup-a-liftie"





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## Books

Mourning-string ("a streamer worn on the hat in token of mourning")? Braw people are "fine, fairly dressed, handsome, pleasant, agreeable, worthy, excellent, very good, surpassing in any respect, stout, able-bodied." How many of them are left? Not many.

Instead, the world is full of Gaumerils ("dunces"); Gaup-a-lifties ("one who carries his head high"); ("blockheads, boobies"). Such people Gaunge ("boast"), Gaunch ("snarl"), and Gaunt ("yawn"). What they should be doing is Gavalling like Gausy Gentilities which, in English, means merry-making like big, jolly gentlefolk. But never mind. Echie nor ochie will disturb the pleasure of letting these Skyre-leukin words drift over your mind and tickle your tongue. This is a book for those who love the playrifety of language. Now if I could only find out what Slios means.

- John Godfrey

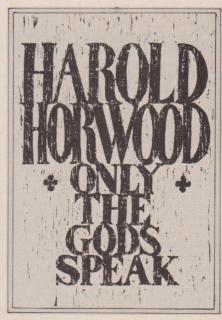
Dr. Godfrey is president of the University of King's College, Halifax.

# **Horwood speaks**

Harold Horwood. Only The Gods Speak, Breakwater Books, \$4.95

've always admired and envied Harold Horwood's great talent for descriptive prose, but felt he was weak on characterization and, occasionally, pedantic and dogmatic. In Only the Gods Speak, which includes 10 tales from the tropics and seven pieces from the north, his strengths and weaknesses are still obvious. In a recent interview he described these stories as being "about people's relations with themselves and some of their attempts to achieve spiritual growth." He went on to say that "unlike a lot of Canadian writing, which is entertaining, this can be taken seriously." I wonder what his fellow writers would think of that.

Most of the stories have a good sense of place. In a brief account of a tropical jungle Horwood writes, "They were walking a narrow trail where the greenery closed overhead like an inverted sea...a road of white dust... flanked by vine-shaped palms and nut trees, filtered sunlight dropping in shafts of green fire...." I felt I was there. Everything is fine until you get to the people. In "Love in a Very Cold Climate" Gail, a white schoolteacher



A fine descriptive writer, Horwood is irritating, infuriating, never boring

in her twenties, falls in love, and quickly into bed, with Akta, her 15-year-old Inuit pupil. She is a stereotype of the sexually liberated woman, he of the noble savage with no faults. This black and white approach to people shows up "Iniquities of the Fathers," where many of the "religious" people are pure caricature while the father and son, who resist the attraction of the Pentecostaltype church, are close to sainthood. One can't help thinking of what Alice Munro would have done with such a theme.

But this story improves toward the end. Lize, a victim of the bigotry and ignorance that Horwood opposes, is forced to bury his baby daughter himself: "Lize planed a two-inch slab of pine and had his eldest daughter, who was clever with a pencil, trace the baby's name on it, with the day and year of her birth and the months and days of her life; then he burned the letters and figures deeply into the wood with the soldering iron...and set the board upright in the earth at the head of the grave." I wish he had let this story and others in the book speak for themselves, as those lines do.

Horwood is essentially a moralist. Sometimes his eagerness to share his view of how life should be lived prevents his work from being great, as it could be. His books are often irritating, sometimes infuriating, and they occasionally amuse where they're not intended to. But they are never boring. Perhaps no writer can receive a higher compliment.

- Helen Porter

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# Atlantic more than just a news magazine

# **Movies**

# The Who come back and also grow up

When you're 35, it's hard to write for teen-agers

By Martin Knelman
t Woodstock, when The Who
smashed their instruments at the
end of their act, it was partly a
signal to the audience, a gesture of good
faith: The performers were going all
the way, giving the audience everything they had, and not holding anything back for tomorrow or the next
day. This absolute commitment to the
moment was an article of faith for
Woodstock Nation, and it was intrinsic
to both the romance and the selfdestructiveness of the rock-drug culture
that emerged in the late 1960s.

The Who took their audience to reckless highs in the closing section of their rock opera *Tommy*, which is a celebration of the senses. The music builds cyclically, as if starting to move slowly through a revolving door and then accelerating at a dizzying pace, until we hit a pitch of frenzy. The story is about a miracle cure, and there is a born-again fervor about the music. We feel as if we're being drawn up into an orgy of the heavens. To smash one's instruments after such an apotheosis was to confirm that we had gone as high as we could go, and there was to be no turning back.

But there was something else going on here: A mockery of the violent, threatening streak that gave Anglo-American rock music its Dionysian excitement. Destroying their instruments became a trade mark of The Who, and something of a joke. The boys in the band were impudently having us on, partly laughing at us for being taken

in, partly inviting us to laugh at them for thinking we could be so easily conned. Look at us, they seemed to be saying, it's as if we thought we'd given our all for you here and now, tonight, as if we didn't all know we'd be back next week with another set of instruments to smash.

There was still another level to the joke-a gag about the obscene wastefulness of pop musicians who start out as down-and-out rascal-upstarts and wind up so wildly rich that they have nothing left to rebel against except success itself, and can easily afford to smash their instruments on a whim. The Who plugged into the self-mockery of disposable pop art with cheerful abandon: The cover for their album The Who Sell Out had the look of Andy Warhol's soup-can art, and showed the band demonstrating the benefits of deodorant, pimple-removing cream and Heinz baked beans. Smashing their instruments was the ultimate joke about the disposability of pop art.

But now it becomes apparent that The Who themselves were not ready to be disposed of. Bouncing back from the trauma of drummer Keith Moon's death (from an overdose of epilepsy medication), seizing the global spotlight in a way they haven't for many years, The Who turned up at this year's Cannes Film Festival as if to announce their re-entry into the world. They came with two films: A documentary about their career, called *The Kids Are Alright*, which goes into release all over the United Kingdom and North

America this summer, and *Quadrophenia*, a dramatization of their album of the same name. The Who hoped to get out of touring as they moved into films, but it turns out that the best way for them to sell the movies is to go on tour. The current tour was launched at Cannes with jammed concerts at a Roman amphitheatre, and that was to be followed by two years of touring North American cities.

One big reason for The Who to get involved in movies just now is the bad experience they had with Tommy at the hands of that misanthrope Ken Russell. Turning The Who's hopeful fable into a heavy number, Russell assaulted the audience with shock treatments. It must have come as a surprise to The Who to be in the helpless position of watching someone else do the smashing-up with their material. Russell smashes everything he touches, without affirmation or any other point; he smashes because he enjoys destruction. It's a safe bet that the close involvement of The Who with their current pair of films is an indication that from now on they mean to regard smashing themselves up as their own prerogative. The definition of masochism in the movie world is letting Ken Russell get his hands on your stuff twice.

The Kids Are Alright is a conventional rock documentary featuring footage from the first 15 years of The Who's career. What gives it a special flavor is the tension between the adolescent prankishness of that phase and the mood for the group as it evolves into middle age. In the spirit of impudence that we associate with the early Beatles of A Hard Day's Night and Help!, a young Peter Townshend remarks, in response to a dumb question: "If you steer clear of quality, you're alright." They're fond of describing their own music as "the worst noise you've ever heard in your life," and Roger Daltrey, who looks so Christ-like that he seemed typecast in the title role of Tommy, confides cheerfully that his ambition was to go on the road with the worst rock and roll band in the world. We see them as four English kids who wanted to conquer the world, as compulsive clowns doing a Keystone Kops routine as they demolish the clothes and set of a painfully straight British talk-show interviewer, or making a mockery of both themselves and their fans. Like

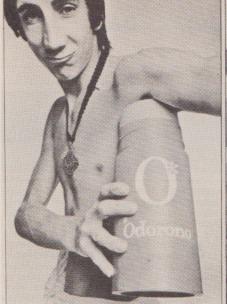
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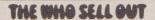


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Who album cover: Ultimate joke about pop art's disposability

many famous rock musicians, The Who seem to be, in a way, indifferent to their audiences. They speak wistfully of the twiddling of magic knobs in the recording studio, as if they'd prefer to HEINZ
BAKED BEAK
TOMATO SALICE

THE WHO SELL OUT

This way to a cowboy's breakfast. Daltry rides again. Thinks: "Thanks to Heinz Baked Beans everyday is a super day." Those who know how many beans make five get Heinz beans inside and outside at every opportunity. Get saucy.

go into a kind of electronic retreat. Live performances, they seem to feel, are a trial you put up with because your business advisers tell you it's the only way to sell your albums and your movies.

Reclining on his yacht near Cannes, Peter Townshend wearily confided, "It's very difficult to write for teen-age audiences when you're 35 years old." He wasn't trying to be funny. The mystique of living fast and dying young is as intrinsic to the rock world as self-mockery. For some, like Janis Joplin, burning oneself out is part of the act. Early death is the surest way to be mythologized, but there are other ways of going out in style. The Band's famous farewell concert, filmed as The Last Waltz, is a kind of mock wake, a funeral for people who mean to go on breathing. Even The Kids Are Alright, completed just before Keith Moon's death, has, in Townshend's phrase, the taste of the graveyard. To see the picture now, he says, is like looking in a mirror, and the reflection is not altogether pleasing. "In The Who's first few years, we were horrible. We were snide, vicious, nasty and brutal, with great vitriolic, selfish outbursts."

In their current incarnation, The Who are trying to write a new chapter in the history of rock. It's the story of a group that wants to defy its own mocking legend of disposability. The Who are picking up those smashed instruments and trying to carry on with them.

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# **Profile**

# No flies on Hilden's Colonel Charlie

He's making N.S. the bug-bane capital of the world

he Colonel fingers the solid gold mosquitoes and other insects on a chain around his neck; he also wears a handlebar moustache and a polka-dot cravat. No shrinking violet is 72-year-old Col. Charlie Coll, inventor and promoter of what he modestly calls "the best damned fly-dope in the world." And, he claims, loggers, sportsmen, boy scouts and girl guides also swear by *Muskol*, produced at his plant in Hilden, N.S.

Today's Muskol is a 24-person operation which produces a line of four products for the outdoorsman: Deer scent, fish lure paste, varmint lure and, most successfully, insect repellent guaranteed to keep at bay those mosquitoes, midges, ticks and jiggers that plague Atlantic Canada. In 20 years, the company has grown from Charlie, a card table and can of "juice" in his basement to a modern plant with a mini-assembly line capable of filling 18 plastic bottles simultaneously. And Muskol is no longer the hard-to-sell product which Charlie once gave away in hopes of attracting buyers. "They'd come and bum-but no one wanted to buy it. It was a long, hard road before it finally got going."

While the native brew isn't exactly an empire yet, Muskol may be an imperial power in the future. It's already in New Zealand, Australia, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Iceland, Alaska and Upper Canada. And after five years of red tape and lab tests, the Muskol label has finally been approved in the United States. The prestigious Orvis Shop in Manchester, Vt. (the Birks of fishing tackle equipment) has already ordered quantities of Muskol as their top-line insect repellent. The U.S. Department of Agriculture calls it "the best

repellent so far developed."

even back home, folks were slow to pick up on Coll's elixir. Charlie was able to talk a few drug and sporting goods stores in New Glasgow and Truro into selling it at first, but it was years before Muskol really hit the streets. Cottagers going to the mosquito-infested north shore or tick-ridden Valley bought the dope like any other black-market itemfrom insiders who had it. Charlie, travelling North America like a Johnny Appleseed of fumigation, always had a bottle or two in his back pocket, and hunters and fishermen spread the gospel to remote areas of Saskatchewan, Idaho and Iceland. But not until the Colonel had penetrated the Northern Ontario outdoors and converted the U.S. sportsmen did Muskol really take off.

Coll invented the repellent 22 years ago and, like the other Colonel he resembles so closely, he won't divulge the secret ingredient that makes his potion different. Complainers and the insect-immune sneer that the secret ingredient must be pure gold; the two-ounce bottle of Muskol jumped from \$2.50 to \$4.50 when production costs rose last summer. This year, the Colls- president, Charles Sr.; vicepresident, Harry; secretary-treasurer, Charlie Jr.- are selling

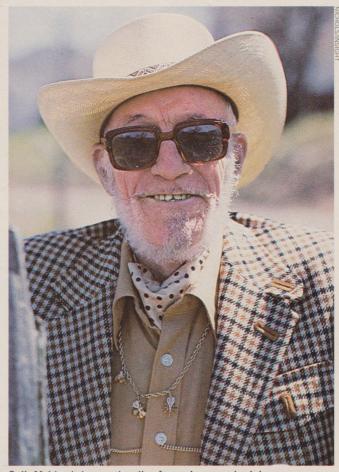
the same quantity for the new price of \$3.89.

Although hardly Chanel, Muskol "regular" is practically odorless and leaves only a faint, woodsy aroma. The Mark II Muskol repellent makes a more potent assault on your nose but is a weaker repellent with one important exception: Mark II works the best against ticks and jiggers. Smell is important for Col. Coll who built his business on the merits of his extraordinary nose.

The son of a Pictou County coal miner, he left school at 16 and worked a year as a "nose" in a Boston soap factory. His job, back in 1926, was to sniff Lux toilet soap for a battery of rancidity and acidity tests. He claims he can still analyse most compounds at a sniff. Muskol's better-late-thannever success story now bids to make an even more celebrated "nose" of Atlantic Canada's own big-time Charlie. And it doesn't bug him a bit. - Jennifer Henderson



Muskol's big four: Keeping the creepy-crawlies at bay



Coll: Making it internationally after a slow start back home

# Ray Guy's column

# Unity garbage is Canadian garbage

Newfoundlanders don't give "a beaver's dam." Not even on Canada Day

s he trudged up Parliament Hill in 1949 to help sign Newfoundland over to Canada, Joey Smallwood was asked how he felt. "Much the same way," he imagined, "that a prime minister of Canada will feel on the day he takes a similar walk up Capitol Hill in Washington."

No flies on Joe.

He had firmly pegged the prospects for Canadian unity even as he checked his breast pocket to make sure he'd brought his notes, notes for a speech exhorting Newfoundlanders to drop to their knees and cry thanksgiving to God for the everlasting benefits of Confederation. We don't pound our pillows and chew the corners of our sheets as much as some other Canadians think we should. We get reproachful glances even in places like Halifax where we would have expected a modicum of empathy.

I once sat at lunch next to a pleasant, blue-rinsed Haligonian who said, "You Newfoundlanders, of all people, must be terribly concerned about Canadian unity. After all, look

what Canada has given you."

"We don't give a beaver's dam," I, of all people, replied. "We can always auction ourselves off between the Russians and the States, or hook up with St. Pierre and Miquelon, or declare the republic and colonize the Canadian scraps."

This blasphemy kicked her pacemaker into overdrive. I expected poached salmon in the kisser. You don't kid around about other people's sacred phobias. In this case, what appears to be Newfoundland indifference is put down to cold-bloodedness, cynicism or, of course, stupidity. Maybe so, but it'll take more to raise us from error and get our drawers into patriotic Canadian knots than forced Canada Day hoopla and the frantic fluttering of Maple Leaf flags. By the way, wouldn't a rhubarb leaf have been the better choice?

From my smattering of Canadian history I seem to recall that in the beginning, the Brits stuck maple leaves in their hats so they could creep closer and puncture the Frenchies. Would you salute something that the guys who put a musket ball through your great-greatgrandaddy's brisket once hid behind?

Anyway, the unity circus strikes us here as being so heavy-handed it stinks of desperation. But we mustn't put on airs. I understand there were snickers in other parts of Canada, too, when the purpose-crafted "Life of Tom Thomson" appeared on television. "It may be garbage, Tom," cried one of the mackinawed visionaries waving a freshly done canvas, "but, by God, at least it's Canadian garbage."

I recently saw something similar in the works on Water Street near the foot of Signal Hill. A unity film crew had hired five local youngsters to raise their little fists and cry "Yaaaay Canadaaaa!" in unison. There were hitches. A drunk slumped out of a nearby tavern and peed against a pole. A gang of the tot actors' contemporaries swooped through on tricycles lisping rude words. Unpatriotic fog rolled in and blotted out Signal Hill.

Late in the day the cameraman darted into a store and came back with six packs of Cheesies. He stapled these to a board and, at the crucial moment, flashed them at the kiddies. Their faces lit up with a facsimile of Canadian zeal, but what half of them shouted was, "Yaaaay Cheesies!"

"Hard work, old man?" I asked

the director.

"Naaa," he shrugged. "Compared to beer commercials, it's a piece of cake."

When it comes to Confederation, we're a bit like Napoleon's mother.

Madame Mère gloomed about the palace for years muttering, "Yes, but will it last? Will it last?" And, like that wiry old Corsican dame, Newfoundland may be the least surprised or discommoded if Canada collapses. At a plant nursery you pay more for a tree that's already been transplanted several times. Its roots are stronger and more compact. It is better able to withstand shock and, in more than 400 years, Newfoundland has been uprooted as often as a front-yard dandelion.

We have been, in our time, an English colony, an island divided between England and France, an English colony (except for St. Pierre and Miquelon) again, a quasi-independent nation, a dictatorship ruled by a secret commission, a fiefdom of the U.S. military and, latterly, a Canadian province. We've been through the ropes, and it takes more than a pack of Cheesies to make our eyes bright.

Others, to the westward, may be right to scramble to the barricades, leap off the Niagara Escarpment or swallow garbage as long as it's Canadian. We fail to see the advantages. If that's stupidity, it comes from a history in which, no matter what was done to us, as long as we called ourselves Newfoundlanders there was always a Newfoundland. To me, that seems less like stupidity and more like justifiable arrogance.

Unity fuss sends no shocks through a province uprooted as often as dandelions



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